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A MEMOIR

OF

LADY ANNA MACKENZIE

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LADY ANNA MACKENZIE.

COUNTESS OF BALCARRES, AND SUBSEQUENTLY OF ARGYLE

A MEMOIR

OF

LADY ANNA MACKENZIE

COUNTESS OF BALCARRES

AND AFTERWARDS OF ARGYLL

1621-1706

BY

ALEXANDER LORD LINDSAY

MASTER OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES

EDINBURGH

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS

1868

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PREFACE.

THE compilation of the following Memoir was suggested to me by David Douglas, Esq., who favoured me at the same time with three of the letters of Lady Balcarres here printed. These had originally been discovered by Mr. Vere Irving among the rich stores of correspondence left by John Duke of Lauderdale, and now preserved in the British Museum; and I am indebted to that gentleman for the use of transcripts made by him from other of her letters existing in that series. Two letters at pp. 49, 70, were communicated to me several years ago by the courtesy of Richard Almack, Esq. of Melford, Suffolk. The letter to Lauderdale, printed at p. 63, was the only one of Lady Balcarres' writing that I had seen when I published the "Lives of the Lindsays" many years ago. The letters of Sir Robert Moray to Alexander Bruce, Earl of Kincardine, which have supplied me with some interesting details, and which are the property of Professor Innes, were communi-

cated to me by Mr. Douglas, with the owner's kind permission, at the same time with the letters above mentioned. The present Memoir is thus much fuller than that given in the "Lives;" and it includes also many details respecting the life of the heroine while the wife and widow of Archibald Earl of Argyll, which would not have found an appropriate place in that work.

My acknowledgments are due to the present Seaforth for permission to engrave the portrait of Lady Balcarres, preserved at Brahan Castle. The task has been executed with fidelity and skill by Mr. Cooper, of 188 Strand, London.

MEMOIR

OF

LADY ANNA MACKENZIE.

CHAPTER I.

ANNA Countess of Balcarres, and afterwards of Argyll, the subject of the following Memoir, was the daughter of Colin, surnamed Ruadh, or the Red, Earl of Seaforth, chief of the great Highland clan of the Mackenzies, by Margaret Seyton, daughter of Alexander Earl of Dunfermline, Chancellor of Scotland under King James I. She was the wife successively of Alexander Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, the husband of her youth, who died in exile in 1659, and of Archibald, the virtuous but unfortunate Earl of Argyle, beheaded in 1685, whom she married when in the decline of life. Born during the early and happier spring of the seventeenth century, her days extended over the stormy summer of the Great Civil War, the chequered autumn that succeeded the Restoration, and the Revolution of 1688; and she even survived that culminating epoch of the century for very nearly twenty years. She was actively concerned, through her two husbands and her children, in many of the important events which occurred during that long interval. And her noble qualities of head and heart rendered her the object of the admiration and attachment not only of her own family but of several of the wisest and

best among her contemporaries, eliciting not only the praise of the illustrious nonconformist Richard Baxter, who esteemed her "the honour of" her "sex and nation," but the testimony of the Cavalier and classic Cowley, who in his elegiac verses "Upon the death of the Earl of Balcarres" does not hesitate to affirm that

> "his virtues and HIS LADY too
> Were things CELESTIAL."

Alexander Lord Balcarres, the first husband of Anna Mackenzie, was also her cousin-german, and the marriage was one, not of interest, but of affection on both sides. A Scottish memoir is almost always preceded by a short genealogical notice, and such a preface is peculiarly requisite in the present instance in order to account for the various relationships and intimacies which will present themselves to the reader in the following pages. These relationships are all primarily referrible to the friendship which subsisted between Lady Anna's and Lord Balcarres' respective grandfathers, Alexander Earl of Dunfermline above mentioned, younger son of George fifth Lord Seyton and brother of the first Earl of Wintoun, and John Lindsay of Balcarres, second son of David ninth Earl of Crawford, a Lord of Session under the title of "Lord Menmuir," and Lord Privy Seal and Secretary of State towards the close of the sixteenth century. They were men, each of them, of great ability and noble personal character. Lindsay—the father of the important enactments of 1587, by which the constitution of the Scottish Parliament was reformed, and the power of the great feudal nobles abridged, thus introducing the modern era of Scottish history—is recorded by Archbishop Spotswood as a man "of exquisite learning and a sound judgment, held worthy by all men of the place he had in the senate both for his wisdom and integrity," and by the sterner and Presbyterian Melville as "a man of the greatest learning

and solid.natural wit joined with that," " for natural judgment and learning the greatest light of the policy and council of Scotland." Seyton, on the other hand, is described by John Drummond Earl of Perth in his autobiography as " endued with most virtuous, learned, and heroic qualities," and as " having spent a great part of his youth in the best towns of Italy and France, where all good literature was professed," " a man most just and wise, deserving greater commendation than paper can contain." Lindsay died, comparatively young, in 1598, and bequeathed his son David, afterwards the first Lord Lindsay of Balcarres, to the " faithful friendliness " and guardianship of Seyton, then Lord Fyvie, but soon to be distinguished by his higher title of Earl of Dunfermline. David thus became the companion and playmate of Lord Dunfermline's daughter Sophia Seyton, and an attachment sprang up between them which ended in their marriage in 1612. Nearly about the same time Margaret Seyton, Sophia's sister, married Colin Lord Kintail, afterwards Earl of Seaforth, above mentioned. Of these two marriages Alexander Earl of Balcarres and Lady Anna Mackenzie were respectively the issue, and thus, as has been stated, cousins-german. Isabel Seyton, a third sister, married the excellent and accomplished John Maitland, first Earl of Lauderdale ; and their son was John, the celebrated Earl and Duke of Lauderdale subsequently to the Restoration. The warmest personal affection united these families, thus closely allied by the ties of consanguinity ; and an additional and common link connected them with John Leslie, sixth Earl of Rothes, who on the death of Lord Seaforth became the guardian of Lady Anna, still at that time unmarried. The Earls of Wintoun, of Perth, and of Southesk, and Lord Yester, afterwards Earl of Tweeddale, belonged to the same kindred group ; and John Lord Lindsay of the Byres, afterwards seventeenth Earl of Crawford, stood in near alliance towards most of its members.

The period during which the parents of Lady Anna and her husband flourished, and within which the first twenty years of their own lives fell, was one of almost unclouded national and domestic sunshine north of the Tweed. One such halcyon period lived in the memory of Scotland, and but one only, the period of tranquillity and prosperity which preceded the untimely death of Alexander III. in 1286, and the termination of which ushered in the war of independence against England under Wallace and King Robert Bruce. The intervening centuries had witnessed a perpetual struggle, not only external, against Scotland's southern neighbour, but internal, between the Crown and the great feudal barons contending for the supremacy, and between those barons themselves, constantly engaged in private feuds; and this state of things lasted with scarcely perceptible amelioration even to the accession of James VI. to the throne of England in 1603. An additional element of discord had been introduced through the Reformation; and during the last half of the sixteenth century the country was distracted by the struggles of the adherents of the ancient Church and of the Kirk, or Presbyterian establishment, each endeavouring to extirpate the other. The victory remained with the Presbyterians, and, although modifications had been made in the constitution of the Kirk towards the close of the century which were destined to become the source of fresh dissension in after years, all for the present—I am speaking of the period between 1603, or I would rather say 1610, and 1640—was upon the whole peaceful and serene. It was a time of repose and refreshment, intellectual and moral, throughout the nation. Scotland had always, even in the midst of her wars, been addicted to letters and the arts of peace—the sons of her aristocracy had for many generations been educated abroad—Scottish merchants flourished in every commercial emporium in Europe—Scottish professors lectured in every foreign university; and, at home, the feudal

chiefs who waged relentless war against their private enemies not unfrequently studied law, wrote fair Latin, were familiar through continental travel with the modern languages and literature, appreciated the arts, and adorned their castles with architectural and sculptural embellishment. The contemporaries of James VI., who inherited these several influences in almost equal proportion, thus partook of the double character of feudal baron and accomplished gentleman—a combination very picturesque, however incongruous, in its strangely harmonised attributes. But the two characters became much more distinct in the sons of that generation of transition. Feudality receded into the wilder regions of the country, while civilisation and, in a word, the modern impulses of thought and life acquired a predominant influence over the more refined and cultivated branches of the Scottish aristocracy who were seated near the capital, almost in fact in proportion to the degree of such propinquity. The foundation for all this had been laid by the wise measures above alluded to, initiated by Secretary Lindsay (during his earlier years), curbing the abuses of feudal power; and the strongest possible encouragement was given to these elements of progress (and far beyond the narrow bounds just indicated) by the stern impartiality and peremptory decision of the Chancellor Dunfermline in enforcing the laws against all, high and low, who transgressed them. The special and personal influence of this remarkable man was no less felt within the domestic circle of his intimates. The family of the Seytons had been peculiarly noted, even in purely feudal times, for the more graceful and liberalising tendencies of their age, and their impress, through Lord Dunfermline, was, if I mistake not, strongly marked on the whole family group of Lindsays, Mackenzies, Maitlands, Drummonds, and others, which I have above exhibited. Among these, David Lord Balcarres, Dunfermline's son-in-law, Lady Anna Mackenzie's "good-father" or father-in-law, was remarkable for his literary and

scientific tastes and his well-stored and curious library. John Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Balcarres' most intimate friend, was in many respects of similar character; and his successor, the Duke of Lauderdale, was one of the principal book-collectors of his time. The instinct for such pursuits, the inherent love of knowledge and graceful accomplishment, may have descended both to Balcarres and Lauderdale from their fathers, Secretary Lindsay and Chancellor Maitland; but in either case, through the early loss of the parents, the development and direction of the youthful genius of the sons was due, if I mistake not, to the Seyton father-in-law. I must mention Sir Robert Moray also, Lord Balcarres' son-in-law, an accomplished natural philosopher, the founder and first president—"the life and soul," as Evelyn calls him—of the Royal Society, as sharing in the same intellectual inheritance. These are but illustrations of the great change which had passed over the better spirit of Scotland; and this spirit was necessarily reflected in the manners of the time. During the whole of the thirty years, from 1610 to 1640, which I have above specified, these Scottish gentlemen lived a life as nearly as possible resembling (*mutatis mutandis*) that of their descendants in the present day—dwelling in the country, maintaining kindly relations with their vassals, tenants, and followers; planting the hills on their estates with forest trees; opening quarries, sinking and working mines of every description from silver to coal; adding to and decorating their paternal residences; paying each other visits, more or less prolonged, at their respective abodes; gathering together their friends and neighbours occasionally for country sports; and meeting collectively once or twice every year in Edinburgh during the session of the Scottish Parliament, which continued to assemble and transact the whole affairs of the country down, as will be remembered, to the Union of Scotland and England into the United Kingdom of Great Britain in 1707. The picture thus drawn would not, I readily admit, be correct, if under-

stood of the entire kingdom; but with reference to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to East Lothian, and in a very peculiar manner, to the "kingdom" or county of Fife, it is, I think, in no wise exaggerated. I do not of course affirm that the age was not still an age of feudalism, even in the favoured regions in question,—on the contrary, the ancient spirit would break out occasionally with startling independence; but it was feudalism veiled, as it were, and softened rather than eclipsed, its fiercer rays

> "disarm'd,
> And as in slumber laid."

The one grand exception, the *per contra*, the cloud in the sky which cast dark shadows over the general scene of comparative national happiness which I have attempted to delineate, consisted in the systematic depression, or rather persecution, to which the adherents of the older religious faith, the Roman Catholics, were subjected during the whole of this period, and indeed throughout the greater part of the century. But unhesitating conviction and uncompromising intolerance were the characteristics of the age; every church persecuted and was persecuted by turns; and it would be unjust therefore to blame one more than another where all were equally culpable in the light of our own age, although equally conscientious in that of their own. None however of the families above enumerated belonged to the persecuted church, or were themselves (so far as I am aware) concerned in the persecution; and I think therefore that we may acquiesce without hesitation in the pleasant impressions of the family life of Scotland in 1610-40 presented as above to our contemplation. And, as a special example, a voice from the very actual past, is worth volumes of generalisation, I shall close these preliminary remarks by transcribing a letter addressed by David Lord Balcarres in 1635 to his son Alexander, Lady Anna's future husband, on his return, at the age of seventeen, to the

University of St. Andrews after a vacation of unusually pleasant dissipation,—there is nothing in it beyond the utterance of simple faith and homely wisdom, but it will illustrate the spirit which animated the social circle of which Alexander and the fair Anna were youthful members. It is as follows :—

"Alexander,—

"Let me remember you again of what your mother and I spake to you before your going there" (*i.e.* to college), "for the long vacance and jolliness that ye have seen this lang time bygane makes me think that ye will have mister (need) to be halden in mind of your own weal; for I know what difficulty it is to one of your constitution and years to apply their mind to study after so long an intermission. And, first of all, we recommend to you again the true fear of God your Maker, which is the beginning of all wisdom, and that, evening and morning, ye cease not to incall for His divine blessing to be upon you and all your enterprises :—Secondly, that ye apply your mind to virtue, which cannot be acquired without learning; and, seeing ye are there for that end, redeem your time, and lose it not, and be not carried away with the innumerable conceits and follies incident to youth; for the man is happy for ever that governs weill his youthhead, and spends that time weill above all the time of his life; for youth is the tempest of life, wherein we are in most peril, and has maist mister of God, the great Pilot of the world, to save us. Therefore, as ye wald wish the blessing of God to be upon you, and the blessing of us your parents, remember and do what is both said and written to you. Also, forget not to carry yourself discreetly to all, and use maist the company that we tauld you of. Many wald be glad to have the happiness of guid direction of life, which ye want not; and the fault will be in you, and not in us, your parents, if ye mak not guid use of your golden time,—and ye may be doubly blamed, seeing God has indued you with ingyne (genius) and capacity for learning, if ye apply it not the right way, being so kindly exhorted to it; for the cost that is wairit (spent) upon you we will think all weill bestowit if ye mak yourself answerable to our desires; which is, to spend your time weill, in learning to fear God aright, and to be a virtuous man, as I have said. —Last, forget not to keep your person always neat and cleanly, and your clothes or any things ye have, see they be not abused; and press to be a guid manager, for things are very easily misguidit or lost, but not easily acquirit, and sloth and carelessness are the ways to want.

"I will expect a compt from you of your carriage shortly, and how ye have ta'en thir things to heart.

"God Almighty direct you and bless you !"

These general observations premised, I shall now address myself to the immediate object of this memoir.

I cannot fix the date of Lady Anna's birth with exactness, but from various indications I think it must have been in the year 1621. The influences of her early childhood were, with one exception, everything that could be wished for; but that exception was indeed grievous. Her mother seems to have died early,—she is described as "a wise and virtuous lady" by Sir Robert Gordon, the historian of the Earldom of Sutherland; and the loss of such a friend and councillor must have been irreparable. Lord Seaforth was however well competent to supply the privation in everything but mother's love. I have not as yet spoken of him particularly, but he was not unworthy of association with the band of friends assembled as sons-in-law round the kindly hearth of Lord Dunfermline. I gather this from the testimony of a contemporary who speaks of him as "a most religious and virtuous lord," "of a noble spirit," "much liked by his king, and all those that ever was with him," and who, besides erecting the Castle of Brahan, his principal residence, built and endowed churches "in every barony of his Highlands," and founded a grammar-school "in the town of Channorie, called Fortrose." Seaforth and his wife had but two children, both of them daughters; and of these Anna was the younger. The name of the eldest was Jean,—she married successively the Master of Caithness and Alexander Lord Duffus, and died still young in 1648, leaving but one child, (by her first husband), George sixth Earl of Caithness, who died without issue in 1676. She will not figure further in this narrative. I suspect the sisters seldom met after their lives' early springtime, when they passed their days together among their kinsmen of the clans of Mackenzie and Ross, in familiarity with the lovely scenery of their father's "country," speaking the language of the Gael, and free in spirit as the mountain breezes—Highland maidens in their beauty and

simplicity. But a further and unexpected blow fell on them in 1633; their father died in the April of that year; and, while Jean was probably taken charge of by the family of her future husband, Anna, the especial object of our interest, passed under the care (as already stated) of her cousin Lord Rothes, and removed to Leslie in Fife—not to revisit her native Highlands for nearly twenty years, and then only as a wanderer, almost a fugitive.*

It was while resident at Leslie that she became acquainted with her cousin Alexander Lindsay, already more than once mentioned as the eldest son of David Lord Balcarres and Lady Sophia Seyton, and who bore the title during his father's lifetime of Master of Balcarres. He was one well qualified to attract her affection—very handsome (judging by his portrait by Jamesone), with the fair complexion and auburn hair, and the general type of features, which run, with a constantly recurring tendency, in the different branches of the Lindsay family; while, in point of personal character, he was high-spirited but modest, accomplished and studious, and "brave enough to have been second in command to Montrose himself" (no slight eulogy from the enthusiastic biographer of that hero, Mr. Napier)—in a word, in all respects such that, in the words of a contemporary biography, "he had the respect and love of all that knew him." I know not whether their attachment was of gradual or rapid growth, but certain it is that in the autumn of 1639 Alexander was deeply in love with his beautiful cousin; the regard became mutual; and the result was their marriage in April 1640, the bridegroom being then in his twenty-second, and the bride (if I mistake not) in her eighteenth or nineteenth year.

The entire correspondence that took place on the occa-

* The death of Colin the Red, Earl of Seaforth, was commemorated by a beautiful lament, or coronach, still handed down traditionally by the family pipers, and for a copy of which I am indebted to the kindness of the present Seaforth.

sion is preserved in our family archives, and it is not a little curious to observe the lets and hindrances that impeded the course of true love—how they arose and how they were surmounted—more than two hundred years ago. The whole of the friends on both sides warmly advocated the match with the exception of the lady's uncle, her father's brother and successor as Earl of Seaforth, who opposed it on the ground that he obtained no new feudal and family alliance by it. It seems that, being on a visit at Leslie and observing, as he thought, marks of attachment between his niece and the Master, he expressed his wish to take her back with him to the Highlands, which she declined, and then, on being asked for the grounds of her refusal, "she told that the Master had made love to her." Seaforth expressed his disassent very strongly, and even threatened that her provision, or fortune, as her father's daughter, might be disputed. John Lord Lindsay of the Byres, a kinsman and friend of both parties, was requested by Seaforth to interpose in his behalf and hint at this contingency; but the Master at once declared that he was indifferent to any such consideration, and wooed her for her own sweet self apart from all thought of fortune or alliance —to the effect of converting Lindsay into a warm advocate on his behalf with Seaforth. His cause was strongly supported in the same quarter by the young Earl of Dunfermline, by Lord Wintoun, and by himself—in letters so manly and straightforward that I have little doubt they contributed to win the reluctant chief's consent. I printed this correspondence long ago in the "Lives of the Lindsays," and I wish that the proper object and necessary limit of this memoir admitted of the insertion of the entire series, were it only to exhibit the cordiality, honesty, unselfishness, and practical common-sense of our Scottish gentlemen of the seventeenth century. I must however find room for two of the letters, selected as more especially witnessing to the prospects Lady Anna had to look forward to on entering

her married life. The first is from her young lover to Seaforth, urging his consent; the second was addressed to Lady Anna herself, after her marriage, under her title of "Mistress of Balcarres," by her kind friend and guardian Lord Rothes. To Seaforth the Master writes as follows from Edinburgh on the 18th January, 1640:—

"My Lord,

"If I had known you had been to go out of this country so soon as you did, I would have spoken to your Lordship that which now I am forced to write; for I can forbear no longer to tell your Lordship of my affection to your niece, and to be an earnest suitor to your Lordship for your consent to that wherein only I can think myself happy. The Earl of Rothes and my Lord Lindsay has shown me how averse your Lordship was from it, and in truth I was very sorry for it. They have both laboured, more nor I desired them, to divert me from it as a thing which would never have your Lordship's approbation, without which she could not have that portion which her father left her; but I protest to your Lordship, as I have done to them, that my affection leads me beyond any consideration of that kind, for (God knows) it was not her means made me intend it,—and therefore, my Lord, since both by the law of God and man marriage should be free, and that she whom it concerns most nearly is pleased to think me worthy of her love, I am confident that your Lordship, who is in stead of a father to her, will not continue in your averseness from it, but even look to that which she, who has greatest interest, thinks to be for her weal; for none but one's self can be judge of their own happiness.

"If it shall seem good to your Lordship to give me that favourable answer which I expect from your hands, since (as I hear) your Lordship is not to be in this country shortly, I hope ye will be pleased to entrust some of your friends here who may meet about the business with my father; and I believe your Lordship shall get all just satisfaction in the conditions. I hope your Lordship shall never have cause to repent of your consent to this; for, though you get no great new allya, yet your Lordship will keep that which you have had before, and gain one who is extreme desirous, and shall on all occasions be most willing to be

"Your Lordship's most humble servant,

"A. LYNDESAY."

"At Edinbruch, 18 Jan. 1640."

"I should think myself very unworthy," he adds in a subsequent letter on receiving Seaforth's consent, "if I were

not more careful nor anybody else that she be well provided. I know my father will do all he can, and I hope your Lordship and all the rest of her friends shall see my care in this hereafter."

Lord Rothes' letter is conceived in a more homely strain. It is dated "Leslie, 15 May, 1640," about three weeks after the marriage :—

"My heart,

"I have sent Mr. David Ayton with your compts since my intromission ; they are very clear and weill instructed, but truly your expence hath been over large this last year ; it will be about 3600 merks, which indeed did discontent me when I looked on it. I hope ye will mend it in time coming ; and give me leave, as bound both by obligation and affection, to remember you that you must accommodate yourself to that estate whereof you are to be mistress, and be rather an example of parsimony nor a mover of it in that family. Your husband hath a very noble heart, and much larger than his fortune ; and, except you be both an example and an exhorter of him to be sparing, he will go over far,—both he, my Lord and Lady, loves you so weill that if ye incline to have those things that will beget expence, they will not be wanting although it should do them harm, they being all of a right noble disposition ; therefore a sparing disposition and practice on your part will not only benefit you in so far as concerns your own personal expence, but it will make your husband's expence and your good-sister's* the less also ; for, your and their expence being all to come out of one purse, what is spent will spend to you, and what is spared is to your behoof, for I hope your good-father and good-mother† will turn all they have to the behoof of your husband and you, except the provision of their other children, and the more will be spared that your personal expences be little,—therefore go very plain in your clothes, and play very little, and seek God heartily, who can alone make your life contented here, and give you that chief content, the hope of happiness hereafter. The Lord bless you !

"I am your faithful friend and servant,

"Rothes."

In a letter written at the same time to her husband, the Master, Lord Rothes enters more fully into the question of

* That is, sister-in-law's. This was the Master's sister, Sophia Lindsay, then just past sixteen, afterwards the wife of Sir Robert Moray.

† Father-in-law and mother-in-law.

the accounts, giving him a slight warning that he must look after his wife's expenditure, she being "a little wilful in the way of her expences, and my wife could not so weill look to her, being infirm; but I hope in God," he adds, "she shall prove ane good wise woman, and sparing eneuch. And ye must even conform yourself to your estate." The good-natured Rothes has erased the slight reflection upon her wilfulness and extravagance, but it may be resuscitated here without any prejudice to her memory, as the fault, such as it was, was not long in vanishing away. A feminine taste for personal adornment and a love of having objects of grace and beauty around her lay, I suspect, at the bottom of it. It was balanced by a thousand noble qualities under the influence of which the marriage could not but turn out a happy one. Lady Anna proved a loving wife, a kind and judicious mother; and, although of the "mild nature and sweet disposition" praised by David Lord Balcarres in one of the letters of the correspondence, was (as he also affirms) "wise withal," and capable, as events afterwards proved, of heroic firmness and undaunted resolution.

The engraving at the commencement of this volume, taken from a picture preserved at Brahan Castle, will give some idea of the personal appearance of Lady Anna, although at a period some years later than that of her marriage. It must have been very attractive. Dark brown hair, large brown eyes, a lively and animated expression, and a general regard full of force tempered by sweetness, were her characteristics. The picture seems to have been painted in Holland during the usurpation.

The lands of Wester Pitcorthie and those of Balmakin and Balbuthie, dependencies of the barony of Balcarres, were assigned to Lady Anna as her jointure, as well as the "East Lodging" and adjacent buildings "on the East side of the clois" or "clausura" (cloister, or court) "of Balcarres, on baith sides of the East gate, with free ishe (exit) and entry thereto,"—such is the description in the contract

of marriage and the "instrument of seisin" by which she was given feudal possession of it. The "Lodging" in question served in many subsequent generations the same purpose, and was commonly known by the name of the "Dowager's" or "Dower House."

The marriage was followed in the ensuing spring—in March 1641—by the death of Lady Anna's father-in-law, David Lord Balcarres, and the succession of her husband to the estates and representation of his branch of the Lindsays. His uncle Lord Lauderdale, then at Whitehall, wrote to him on the occasion in terms of kindness and approbation which must have gratified him deeply, and his wife no less :—

"My honourable Lord,

"The death of my noble lord, your father, I may justly say, was als grievous to me as to any other soever next to my sister and her children, not only for the loss which I perceive now, and will feel more sensibly when it shall please God to bring me home, of so worthy and kind a brother, but even for the want which the public will sustain of one of so great worth, whose service might have been so useful both to the King and State. But one thing doth comfort us all, who had so near interest in him, that it hath pleased God to bless him with a son of such abilities as God hath endued your Lordship with; who, I am confident, shall succeed no less to his virtues than to his inheritance, so that it may be truly said, 'Mortuus est pater, sed quasi non mortuus, quia filium similem reliquit sibi.' . . .

"This is all I can remember," he proceeds, after dwelling on some family arrangements, "concerning this purpose,—if any other thing occur to me, I shall make mention of it in that which I write to my good lady your mother, in whose letter I cannot tell you how far it rejoiced me to read what contentment and comfort she hath in your Lordship. Go on, my noble Lord, in that way of respect to so worthy a mother, and God no doubt will bless you, and your friends will honour you, and none more than I—who, albeit I can be very little useful to any, yet, as I am, none shall have more power nor yourself to command

"Your most affectionate uncle and servant,

"LAUDERDAILL."

Lord and Lady Balcarres had but short benefit from the counsel and friendship of this good and able man. He

died four years afterwards of grief at the miseries of his country, lamented by the poet Drummond of Hawthornden as "the last

> "Of those rare worthies who adorn'd our North,
> And shin'd like constellations, . . .
> Second in virtue's theatre to none.
> But, finding all eccentric in our times,
> Religion into superstition turn'd,
> Justice silenc'd, exiled, or inurn'd,
> Truth, faith, and charity reputed crimes,
> The young men destinate by sword to fall,
> And trophies of their country's spoils to rear,
> Strange laws the ag'd and prudent to appal,
> And forc'd sad yokes of tyranny to bear,
> And for nor great nor virtuous minds a room—
> Disdaining life, thou shroud'st thee in thy tomb!"

At the very moment, indeed, when the marriage-bells were welcoming the young Master and his bride to their home at Balcarres, the tocsin was sounding a deeper note throughout the land, summoning noble and simple, rich and poor, to the great war of opinions, political and religious, which, with brief intermissions during the alternations of supremacy, convulsed society and steeped the land in the blood of her best and bravest till near the close of the century.

CHAPTER II.

THE history of Scotland since the Reformation may be said to turn upon one fundamental question, the relationship between the Kirk, or Church, and the Civil Power, or State. In England the ancient Catholic Church, monarchical in principle, was retained, after the corruptions attached to it in the course of ages had been washed away; and had the wiser views of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Scotland's proto-reformer (the "Davie Lindsay" of popular tradition), been carried out as sketched in his writings, the like advantage would have been secured to the Northern kingdom. But the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, as represented by its clergy and bishops, was hopelessly corrupt and irreformable, and the reaction was proportionately violent in the Protestant direction. A new church, modelled on that of Calvin at Geneva, and democratic (or rather theocratic) in its system, was set up in its place under the influence of John Knox, and adopted as the church of the nation. It was discovered however ere many years had passed that the doctrines of the Kirk tended to the establishment of an absolute despotism over the Civil Government of the realm; and the consequent evils rose to such a height that not only James VI. and his wisest lay advisers but the more moderate party in the Kirk itself came to the conclusion that the introduction of a limited Episcopal government, as a controlling and moderating influence, was necessary in order to enable Church and State to co-exist and work together, and to preserve the Church itself from being torn to pieces through the ungovernable violence of its leaders. The devising and carrying through the measures

which introduced this reform was the last public act (as I believe it had been the cherished purpose) of Secretary Lindsay's life. But it was not through his, or any mere state influence only, but by the concurring and deliberate action of the General Assembly itself, convened on an unusually comprehensive scale in 1597, and afterwards in 1600, that the introduction into Parliament of certain chosen Commissioners of the Kirk under the legal style and in the place of the ancient prelates was effected. Great opposition was of course offered and much discontent manifested against the innovation, but chiefly among the more violent clergy headed by the bigoted, irascible, but lion-hearted, learned, and witty Andrew Melville. The result nevertheless gradually approved itself beneficial; the laity felt relieved from a grievous burden; the balance of power between Church and State was restored; disorders were quelled, and piety, as a rule, supplanted controversy in the Church; and this better influence lasted during the remainder of the lives of the men then and thus promoted. Regular episcopal ordination was communicated to the bishops in 1610; and, had those at the helm known where to stop—had this reformation or modification in a Catholic and Apostolic sense of the sterner Presbyterianism of 1560 been left to the legitimate action of time and experience—I have little doubt but that the churches of Scotland and England would have voluntarily coalesced before the end of the century, to the fulfilment, in great measure, of "Davie Lindsay's" patriotic aspiration—

> "Habitare fratres in unum
> Is a blissful thing;
> One God, One Faith, One Baptism pure,
> One Law, One Land, One King!"

But the impatience of a younger and more ardent generation, as represented by Sir David's namesake, the Bishop of Brechin and (afterwards) of Edinburgh, and the over-anxiety of James I. and Charles I. to effect this assimilation,

defeated the object they had in view. The simplicity of Scottish worship was shocked and the national sense of independence wounded by the successive introduction, year after year, of innovations, chiefly ceremonial, innocent and in some cases praiseworthy in themselves, but which were looked upon as approximations to Popery, and the enforcement of which by the King's sole authority, exercised through the Court of High Commission, was distinctly in violation of the liberties of Scotland. The coping-stone was laid on the ecclesiastical edifice by the imposition in 1637 of the famous "Service-Book," a liturgy nearly the same as that of England, but which was misconceived of as still more closely approximative to the Roman mass-book, and the acceptance of which was (as in previous cases) prescribed by the authority of the sovereign alone, apart from the consent of the Kirk or the nation. It was on these two points that the national aversion to it was mainly grounded; for, although the more zealous spirits among the clergy disdained the use of any but extemporary addresses to the Almighty, the use of formal and printed prayers, in a word, of a Service-book or Liturgy, the "Book of Common Order," as promulgated at Geneva, was a matter of general prescription and observance in the times of Knox and Melville. The truth was that the imposition of the Service-Book of 1637 was the last drop in the full cup, the last straw on the camel's back. The national patience, or rather impatience, boiled over; and the entire ecclesiastical structure, slowly and painfully upreared during so many years, toppled down in ruin and confusion. It was thus through an aggression, for such it was, upon their religious liberties that the Scots were induced to rise in arms against Charles I.; while in England, as is well known, the primary causes of complaint were the unconstitutional acts of the Crown in civil matters. In either country the question at issue was whether, the constitution of the Kirk being such as it was as finally settled by the General Assemblies of

1597 and 1600, and the civil constitution of England being what it was as fixed or implied by the old laws and customs of the realm, the sovereign had a right, of his own supreme authority, to supersede and overthrow them. Alexander Master of Balcarres and his wife, although born, baptized, and bred under the Episcopal régime, and with all their hereditary prepossessions in favour of that form of ecclesiastical polity, thought he had not, and acted accordingly; and it is in order to prepare the reader for appreciating their conduct under these circumstances that I have submitted the preceding historical details.

The immediate effect of the introduction of the Service-Book was the promulgation of a "Solemn League and Covenant" in defence of the civil and religious liberties of Scotland, and the deposition of the Bishops and abolition of prelacy by an act of the General Assembly in December 1638. This was followed by various military movements and private negotiations, the result of which was that King Charles yielded the substance of the demands of the Covenanters and withdrew the Service-Book. David Lord Balcarres, his son the Master of Balcarres, Rothes, Lindsay of the Byres, Lauderdale, the Earl (afterwards the great Marquis) of Montrose, and others innumerable, joined this national league; and it was only after the short-lived reconciliation with the King came to an end that parties finally developed themselves in the manner so familiar to us in history. From that time forward till the year 1648 two such parties divided Scotland,—on the one hand the COVENANTERS, warmly attached to royalty, but equally so to the Kirk, asserting national and personal rights in limitation of arbitrary authority, and vindicating, in an inchoate or tentative way, the principles now understood as those of Constitutional Government; on the other, the CAVALIERS, who, dreading the tendency of the times towards democracy and licence in Church and State, maintained the duty of unconditional obedience to the Crown, and stood up for

Episcopacy and the Royal Supremacy against Presbyterianism. The Covenanters, in a word, vindicated the principle of LIBERTY, the Cavaliers that of ORDER—fundamental principles, co-equally important to the social and political life of nations, and on the reconciliation and harmony of which through mutual concession, and the preservation of the balance afterwards, the stability and progress of states depends. Each of these great parties from time to time ran into extravagance and, as a necessary consequence, committed cruel injustice; but both, judged by their nobler members, were equally sincere and patriotic. It must not, of course, be supposed, that while parties were thus clearly defined throughout this period, the personages who composed them were not constantly undergoing modifying influences from the march of the times and the lessons of experience. Many who ultimately became Cavaliers, such as Montrose himself, were originally supporters of the Covenant, and only abandoned that cause when they perceived that their friends were going too far, and that monarchy and constitutional government were tending to ruin through the growing preponderance of the democratic element. Some took the step earlier, some later, as the enthusiasm of youth, the experience of maturity, or the intuitive foresight of genius prompted; but all in fact, except the extreme zealots and fanatics of the Covenanting party, ranged themselves at last on that side and principle of Order which, in the course of time and in the progress of events, became ultimately the cause of the Constitution.

The struggle between Charles I. and the English Parliament was marked by the successive surrender by the former of every questionable encroachment on the public liberty, the retractation of every step in excess of the prerogative which had given just offence to the constitution, till by the spring of 1642 the tables had become turned, and, in the words of the great constitutional and Whig historian Hallam, "law, justice, and moderation, once ranged against"

the King, "had," subsequently to the early months of the Long Parliament, "gone over to his banner,"—and so absolutely so that, "it may be said," he adds, "with not greater severity than truth, that scarcely two or three public acts of justice, humanity, or generosity, and very few of political wisdom or courage, are recorded of them from their quarrel with the King to their expulsion by Cromwell." The war that broke out in England in 1642 was thus one essentially of defence on the part of Charles against those who from vindicators had become the subverters of the constitution. In Scotland, on the other hand, the grounds of just complaint remained unsatisfied for a prolonged period. In 1641 we find Montrose and Napier, still ranking among the Covenanters, addressing the King in a letter in which they attribute "the cause of these troubles" to "a fear and apprehension, not without some reason," on the part of the Scottish nation, "of changes in religion, and that superstitious worship shall be brought in upon it, and therewith all their laws infringed and their liberties invaded. Free them, Sir," they say, "from this fear, as you are free from any such thoughts, and undoubtedly ye shall thereby settle that state in a firm obedience to your Majesty in all time coming. They have no other end but to preserve their religion in purity and their liberties entire." But these remonstrances were of no avail, and it was not till 1647 that Charles finally consented to forego Episcopacy and recognise the Kirk under her ancient limits. During these six years the name of Lady Anna's husband, Lord Balcarres, figures constantly in the chronicles of the time as fighting gallantly on the Covenanting side at Marston-moor, at Alford, and elsewhere, at the head of his regiment of horse, "the strongest regiment" (as it is described) "in the kingdom;" while the defeat of the Covenanters at Kilsyth, where he commanded the cavalry, in 1645, is equally ascribed to neglect of his warning voice in support of the better military judgment of

General Baillie, overruled, as the latter was, by that curse of commanders, a Committee.

The Cavalier or purely royalist cause was extinguished in Scotland after the defeat at Philiphaugh, on the 13th September 1645, and the final break-up of the royalist army under its three chiefs, Montrose, Ludovic "the Loyal Earl" of Crawford, and Sir John Urry, on the 31st July 1646. Crawford repaired to Ireland and organised a most promising scheme of invasion from that quarter, of which Montrose was to take the leadership, but the Queen's advisers at Paris threw cold water upon it, and it came to nothing. But the King's loss was not the Covenanters' gain. A star, hostile to both influences, was gaining the ascendant. Order and Liberty, having failed to understand each other, were to be superseded by civil and religious anarchy in its necessary incarnation, Military Despotism.

The position of matters in the autumn of 1646 stood thus :—The Parliaments in both kingdoms, the representatives of the Presbyterian interest and, in Scotland at least, of the national aspiration for limited monarchy and constitutional government, were losing ground,—their chief support was the Scottish Covenanting army, then quartered in the North of England. The English army, on the other hand, headed by Cromwell, Ireton, and other zealots, Independents or Puritans in religion and wild for democracy, was increasing daily in power and audacity ; and the object of the leaders of the English Parliament was to disband it as soon as possible, before its arms could be directed against themselves. The King, cooped up in Oxford, his army ruined, his partisans reduced to despair, had but a choice of evils, and determined to throw himself into the arms of the Presbyterians as less dangerous than the Independents through their attachment to monarchy. He fled from Oxford in disguise, and delivered himself up to the Scottish army, then pressing the siege of Newark. The Scots saw their advantage and determined to make the most of it, with

the view of securing the great objects of their quarrel and crushing the Independents. On the first rumour of the King's intention, and before his actual arrival was ascertained, they despatched Lord Balcarres to the army at Newark with offers to the King of defence and assistance on the condition that he should recognise and secure their liberties, civil and religious, in terms of the Covenant. This, however, he refused. The Duke of Hamilton and his brother-in-law Lord Lindsay of the Byres (now known as Earl of Crawford-Lindsay after the forfeiture of Earl Ludovic, and who had been for some years Lord High Treasurer and President of the Parliament), were sent specially to urge his compliance, but their mission was equally unavailing; and the negotiation having thus failed, Charles was surrendered by the Scottish army, under orders from Edinburgh, to the English Parliament, notwithstanding Crawford-Lindsay's and Balcarres' strong opposition in the Parliament at Edinburgh, where, however, the bigoted Presbyterians, the extreme party headed by the Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Argyll, were then predominant. Cromwell immediately marched to London, expelled the Presbyterian members of the English Parliament, substituted Independents in their place, committed the King to prison, and assumed the government. Charles's situation thus became desperate, and in a secret interview with the Scottish commissioners he consented to confirm the Covenant, recognise Presbyterianism on a probation (at least) of three years, and unite cordially with the Scots for the extirpation of the "sectaries" or Independents,—thus acquiescing, alas! too late, in that principle of constitutional government which had been at issue between himself and his Scottish subjects since the year 1638. Doubts might have been entertained as to his sincerity, but it was not a moment for hesitation; their king, a Stuart and a Scotsman, stood before their eyes, penitent and in peril; and, as is the wont of the Scottish people, always "perfervid" and impassioned whether for

good or evil, they forgot all secondary considerations in the determination to rescue him. Their plans were rapidly combined, and among other arrangements Lord Balcarres was appointed provisionally, by a grant under the sign-manual of Charles I., "at our Court at Woburn, 20th July 1647," to that important trust, the government of the Castle of Edinburgh.

It remained however to be seen whether the spirit of 1638 remained unchanged, and whether, after nine years of unchecked power, the Kirk and her ministers would be satisfied with anything short of pure theocracy. The result proved that the Kirk had become radical to the core, and the news of the treaty with the King no sooner reached Scotland than the Covenanters split into two parties, the one including the great mass of the nation, moderate men, headed by the Treasurer Crawford-Lindsay, the Duke of Hamilton, and Balcarres, professing constitutional royalism, and ultimately called RESOLUTIONERS; the other composed of the more fanatic Presbyterians, led by Argyll, a small but compact body, who assumed an immediate attitude of distinct and formidable opposition, and were subsequently distinguished by the name of REMONSTRATORS or PROTESTERS.

The formation of an "Engagement," or League, for the King's rescue followed, and the nation, with the exception of Argyll and the Protesters, rose as one man in his defence. The Duke of Hamilton, at the head of an army of fourteen thousand men, marched for England; but he was incompetent for such a command; he was defeated at Preston on the 20th August 1648; his army fell to pieces; and he himself was taken prisoner and beheaded some months afterwards. The result was the complete depression for the time of the constitutional party in Scotland, and the succession of Argyll and the Protesters to the dominant rule. Crawford-Lindsay was deprived of his offices of High Treasurer, President of the Estates, and others, and excluded from Parliament. Balcarres retired to Fife, and awaited

the opportunity of usefulness. A young man—a gallant soldier rather than a politician—he had been till recently a firm adherent to Argyll and the Kirk, an implicit believer in the purity of their patriotism ; but events had opened his eyes, and the Rubicon of what he conceived to be lawful resistance once crossed, he broke with them for ever. Hitherto, in fact, he had felt and acted in the spirit and after the example of the friends of his youth—of his father, of Rothes, and of the good Lord Lauderdale—all of them now passed away from the scene ; he took this new step as the act of his deliberate manhood and mature judgment, being then on the point of entering his thirtieth year.

In England the King was brought to trial before his own subjects by Cromwell and the Independents, condemned as a traitor, and executed at Whitehall on the 30th January 1649, meeting death with the constancy of a hero and the charity of a saint ; and his memory was long and deservedly honoured in the Church of England and by Englishmen generally as that of "King Charles the Martyr." A "martyr" he assuredly was, but in a cause the reverse of that which is usually associated with his memory—a "martyr" for Liberty. This is no paradox, but a simple historical fact. His political offences against the English constitution had long ago—as far back as 1642, according to the dispassionate Hallam—been salved and absolved through the abandonment of the overweening pretensions of an ill-defined prerogative. From that time forward the struggle in England was, in a broad sense, between Democracy and Absolutism on the one hand, as represented by Cromwell and the Independents, and Constitutional Government and Freedom on the other, as represented by Charles. After a gallant struggle in the field, and a period of captivity borne with exemplary patience, Charles died at his post in defence of principles and liberties which are now the common heritage and boast of every Briton.

The news of this tragical event was received with horror

and indignation in Scotland, and Argyll and the Protesters found it necessary to identify themselves with the public sentiment, and proclaim Prince Charles, then a youth of nineteen, King of Scotland. They sent over messengers inviting him to Scotland, but he had hardly arrived when Cromwell demanded that the republican government already established in England should be extended over Scotland likewise. This was peremptorily refused; Argyll was defeated by Cromwell at Dunbar; and the Resolutioners, or constitutionalists, Crawford-Lindsay, Balcarres, and their friends, again came into power, in association or coalition with Argyll, but for a time having the upper hand. They crowned Prince Charles at Scone on the 1st January 1651, Argyll investing him with the crown and Crawford with the sceptre, according to ancient privilege, but symbolically, it might have been suggested, of this transient reconciliation. Balcarres was on this occasion created an Earl, Secretary of State, and hereditary governor of Edinburgh Castle, and was appointed High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Kirk which met at St. Andrews in July, where he managed matters so well "that that Assembly" (we are told) "passed more acts in favour, and rose better satisfied with the King and Crown than any that had preceded in many years before,"—a success very distasteful to the Protesters, who described its proceedings, in the energetic phraseology of the times, as a "ripping up of the bowels of their mother Church." During all these years the subject of this memoir, the Countess Anna, resided, I believe, constantly at Balcarres; and the only incident relating to her that I need notice is a visit that King Charles paid her there on the 22d February 1651, when "Lord Balcarres," as a Fifeshire chronicler reports, "gave his Majesty a banquet at his house, where he stayed some two hours, and visited his lady, that then lay in." The child then born was her eldest son, who received the name of Charles, the king standing his godfather. He survived his father Earl Alexander,

but died a boy of twelve years old, as I shall hereafter mention.

Meanwhile, the advance of Cromwell's army having rendered the situation of the royalists one of imminent danger, the King took the bold resolution of changing the scene of warfare by a direct march into England, where he hoped to raise his Cavalier friends, and gain strength before the rebels could overtake him. He started accordingly, leaving Crawford-Lindsay and Balcarres, together with the Lords Marischal and Glencairn, as a Committee of Estates, in charge of his affairs in Scotland. Crawford-Lindsay and Marischal were almost immediately afterwards surprised by Monk and sent prisoners to England, where Crawford-Lindsay was confined in the Tower of London and at Windsor Castle for nine years; but Balcarres reached the Highlands, where he possessed great power through his alliance with the house of Seaforth and his friendship with Huntly and the clans, and where he assumed the command of the royalists under the King's commission.

Money was however wanting. Scotland, never since the thirteenth century a rich country, was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries decidedly poor; and, although many of her noble families were comparatively well off, their revenues paid in kind amply sufficing for the maintenance of a large following and a generous hospitality, the public exchequer was but scantily filled with available specie. Lord Balcarres had already, in 1643, incurred expenses to the amount of nearly twenty thousand marks in raising and equipping his regiment of horse, for all, or the greater part of which, although allowed by the Committee of Estates, I believe he received no payment; and he had further, in 1644, made himself responsible for a further sum of five hundred pounds sterling in the public service, which, as voluntarily incurred, the Committee, it appears, ignored, although Balcarres submitted the claim to their consideration on the modest ground that his estate was "not well able

to bear" such burdens. Troops, not of his own regiment, had from time to time been quartered on his lands and tenants, to their great impoverishment; and for this too there was little prospect of reimbursement. Early in the present year, he had sold his plate, which was unusually valuable for a Scottish baron of that day, for two thousand pounds sterling, in order to defray the expenses of the General Assembly, but this had all been expended; and he now mortgaged his estates to the extent of six thousand pounds more, which he applied to advancing the King's interests in the north during the autumn campaign of 1651 and the subsequent one of 1653-4—sums of no small moment in those days in Scotland, and which remained a debt till extinguished by the Countess Anna and by Earl Colin his son, partly out of Colin's first wife's fortune, subsequently to the Restoration. All these items, together with the payment of the dowries of his sisters and the provision for his two brothers, weighed heavily on Earl Alexander and his wife, and the result was (for the exigencies of biography demand notice of what passes behind the scenes as well as before the public eye) that the estate of Balcarres, which in 1639 and at the time of David Lord Balcarres' death, had been entirely free, was by 1651-2 much embarrassed. Meanwhile the dowry of Lady Balcarres and other arrears due to her since 1637, amounting to twenty thousand and some hundred pounds Scots, had never up to that time been paid, either principal or interest. Nor was it till long after Earl Alexander's death that the arrears were made up and the long account finally settled. A touching illustration of the straits to which they were reduced presents itself in a testamentary paper or codicil written a year or two afterwards on the point (apparently) of their departure for France, in which Lord Balcarres recites that "considering that Lady Anna Mackenzie, my dearest spouse, hath out of her affection to me and for satisfying of my urgent debts, quit and sold her jewels and womanly furniture, belonging to herself allanerly

(only) by the law of this kingdom," he therefore gives and bequeathes to her his library of books, which he had previously entailed on his heirs-male, amounting in value to six thousand marks, and all his household furniture, subject to redemption by his heirs hereafter at the above value, but otherwise to be her own in replacement of what she had so generously parted with for his relief. Many of these jewels must have had a peculiar value to her as bequeathed to her by her mother, who had left when dying her jewels and personal "bravery" in Lord Seaforth's charge, to be divided between her and her sister Jean, when grown up. Others doubtless had been purchases of her own, in the early days when her disbursements had been the subject of her guardian Rothes' remonstrance. Never, I would add, throughout all the documents concerning these private affairs, is a word to be found of complaint at sacrifices and circumstances which the generous spirits of the time submitted to as a matter of course, entailed upon them by loyalty and patriotism; they bled as freely in purse as in person for their King's and country's service; and too often in those days the family as well as its representative sank for ever under the exhaustion. I do not think it would be too much to say that, for every thirty families that flourished in comparative affluence at the beginning of the troubles, scarcely five survived the century. These details are not irrelevant to the subject of this narrative, for many years of the Countess Anna's subsequent life were spent in redeeming the ruin in which the Balcarres family were for the time involved through the great Civil War of the seventeenth century.

King Charles, in the meanwhile, advanced without opposition to Worcester, where Cromwell, retracing his steps from Scotland, overtook and defeated him on the 3d September 1651. He escaped to the Continent after a series of romantic adventures, and resided for several years at Paris and Cologne, few expecting that he would ever regain "his fathers' chair." The "King of Scots" was the

usual title given him on the Continent during his years of expatriation.

All hope having vanished, Balcarres capitulated with the English, under favourable conditions, at Forres, on the 3d December 1651, and disbanded his followers. He retired to Balcarres, and on the 8th November 1652 settled with his family at St. Andrews, from whence he kept up a correspondence with his exiled sovereign. They lived in the house of a Mr. John Lepar, formerly provost of the burgh. The Countess Anna's second son Colin, afterwards third Earl of Balcarres, was born, I believe, during this residence under the shadow of the old cathedral towers, or what then remained of them, once the architectural glory of Scotland.

When Monk, the English general, was recalled from Scotland, in 1653, Lord Balcarres, although suffering at the time from severe illness, again took arms in the Highlands, and, in concert with Athol, Seaforth, Lorn (the eldest son of the Marquis of Argyll), and the principal Highland chiefs, under the Earl of Glencairn as commander-in-chief, made a last unavailing attempt to uphold the royal cause against Cromwell. They were joined by Lord Balcarres' dear friend and brother-in-law (his sister Sophia's husband) Sir Robert Moray, already mentioned, and whom Bishop Burnet describes as "the most universally beloved and esteemed by men of all sides and sorts of any man I have ever known in my whole life." All was at first enthusiasm; but the incompetence of Glencairn ruined the enterprise. His wish was to invade the low country and emulate the career of Montrose. Balcarres, with wiser foresight, urged their remaining in their fastnesses until they should see what assistance the King could "procure them from beyond sea of men, money, and arms; whereas, if they went out of those fast-grounds, they could not hope to stand before such a veteran and well-disciplined army as Monk had, and, if they met with the least check, their tumultuary army would soon melt away."

At this critical moment the King, in France, perplexed with contradictory reports and desiring Lord Balcarres' advice how to act, wrote to him, desiring him to repair to him for that purpose with all possible speed; "which letter," says a contemporary memoir, "though he received in the deep of winter and in the most remote part of all that kingdom, and having no other possible way to get to" his Majesty "but through a tract of the enemies' country of above four or five hundred miles, he consulted as little the difficulties and dangers as he had done before, but rendered immediate obedience, and put himself and his dear lady (whose virtue and kindness would never abandon him in his greatest extremity) both in disguise, and, with the often perils of their lives, at last by God's providence arrived safely in France, where having with great integrity on his own and as great satisfaction on the King's part given his Majesty a perfect account," and enforced on him the necessity of sending over some military man to whom the confederated chiefs would submit more willingly than to one of their own order, Middleton was despatched to Scotland.

Sir Robert Moray accompanied his brother and sister-in-law—his "Gossip" and "Cummer," as they are called in his familiar letters—on their journey from the Highlands to Paris; and Lord Balcarres delivered to the King at the Palais Royal, in May 1654, a letter signed by the Earl of Seaforth, Lord Lorn, the famous Evan Dhu, or Black Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel; Roderick Macleod, surnamed "the Witty," chief of the Macleods of Skye; Sir Roderick of Scallascarr, or Talisker, Macleod's uncle, and the leader of the clan during his nephew's minority; Macleod of Rasay; "Daniel" (or Donald) Maclean, the uncle of Sir Hector of Duart, the young hero who had fallen recently at Inverkeithing; the Macleans of Coll and Ardgour; and the chiefs of Mackinnon and Macnachton,—testifying to his own and Sir Robert's merits, and requesting the King to give implicit credit to whatever they might report

and represent in relation to the royal cause and public service.

Balcarres, whose counsels always varied with the occasion—prudent and cautious when supporting Baillie and controlling Glencairn, bold and daring when an emergency like the present demanded it—strongly urged on the King the expediency of sailing for the Highlands and taking command of the clans in person, on the principle afterwards adopted by Prince Charles Edward, the "Young Chevalier," in 1745. He spoke with authority—with the voice of the thousands whose hearts and lives were in the hand of the potent chiefs above enumerated; while he was supported at the same time by letters addressed to the King through private channels from the Earl of Lauderdale, Crawford-Lindsay, and the other Scottish prisoners in England, all unanimously offering the same advice. But the opportunity thus presented by Lord Balcarres in 1654 shared the fate of the similar scheme organised by Ludovic Earl of Crawford, in conjunction with the Highland and Irish chiefs, in 1646,—the coolness or timidity of Queen Henrietta Maria and Lord Jermyn defeated the earlier, and the irresolution and love of ease of Charles the latter project,—Charles hesitated till it was too late; and the utter defeat of Middleton, the ruin of the royal cause in Scotland, and the triumph of democracy throughout Great Britain, account for our hearing no more of it.

Balcarres's share in this last struggle against Cromwell was punished by the sequestration of his estates in Scotland on the 4th of January 1654. But what doubtless was the bitterest element in his wife's and his own cup of suffering at this time—and none but a mother can tell what its bitterness must have been to a mother's heart—was the parting from their children, or, I should rather say, from their two sons, Charles and Colin, mere infants, whom they were obliged to leave behind them on undertaking their adventurous and perilous journey through the Lowlands of Scot-

land and England to France. I do not know what had become of them during the campaign in the Highlands, but they must either have been left at Balcarres at its commencement (the more probable contingency), or been sent thither when their parents and Sir Robert Moray started for the Continent. They resided at Balcarres henceforward, ten pounds a year being allowed for their maintenance out of the sequestrated estate of their father; and even this pittance was not regularly paid,—four years' arrears of it (for 1654, 1655, 1656, and 1657), amounting to forty pounds sterling, were paid in May 1658; and I find no record of the remainder subsequently due having been accounted for. They were however carefully looked after, among an attached vassalage, and with a most kind and judicious friend and supervisor in Mr. David Forret, minister of Kilconquhar, (the recipient for their use of the forty pounds just mentioned,) who had been Lord Balcarres's "pedagogue," or private tutor, at home, at the grammar school at Haddington, and at the University of St. Andrews, and whom Lord Balcarres had afterwards presented (in 1646) to the living of the parish in which Balcarres is situated. There then, in the careless happiness of childhood, like wild flowers on the Craig of Balcarres, the little ones lived and throve in the "caller air" of the north, equally heedless of the thunders of political revolution which hurtled in the air around during the first years of their solitude, and of the dead calm of military despotism which settled down on the land after the storm had passed by and the pulse of liberty had ceased to be perceptible in Scotland. Lord Balcarres, their father, never saw them again, and their mother not till the Restoration.

Lord Balcarres continued for some years with the King. His noble wife, "who through dearness of affection," says her friend Richard Baxter, "had marched with him and lain out-of-doors with him on the mountains," shared (as elsewhere) his wanderings on the Continent, "where they long

followed the Court." Balcarres was "taken for head of the Presbyterians," or Scottish constitutionalists; he held the office of Secretary of State for Scotland, and was employed in various political negotiations at Paris and elsewhere in the King's service. "No one," says his grandson, "had more of his Majesty's favour, being cheerful as well as good and wise, yet Lord Clarendon, head of the High Church party, once got the better of him, and he was dismissed the court at Cologne, but soon recalled. The King thus expresses himself in a letter to Lord Arlington, 'Our little court are all at variance, but Lord Balcarres will soon return and heal us with his wisdom.'" I suspect that it is to a subsequent estrangement, but of a similar nature and arising from the same cause, on the part of Charles that Principal Baillie alludes as a subject of resentment in Scotland in a letter of the 11th November 1658, in which he expresses himself curtly enough:—"What is become of the King and his family we do not know; some talks that he should be in the Hague; many takes his unkindness to Balcarres very ill, especially that he should oppose his lady's provision to the oversight" (governance) "of the little Prince of Orange; his obstinate observance of Hyde" (Clarendon) "offends all;" and he subsequently writes in 1659, "I am not yet satisfied with Chancellor Hyde's very unjust breaking of his neck,—God will see to it." It is not wonderful perhaps that the High Church Clarendon and the Covenanter Balcarres should have failed to agree on political matters; but such misunderstandings cannot but take place even between good men when their views of public interest differ. Clarendon was kind to the Countess Anna after her husband's death. I may mention, as a curious coincidence, in reference to the temporary banishment from Cologne, that during a second exile of the Balcarres family after the Revolution of 1688, Earl Alexander's son, Earl Colin, an Episcopalian, having been forbidden the court at St. Germain's through the influence of the

Roman Catholics about the person of James II., wrote an expostulatory letter to the King, the result of which was a letter from James himself, "writ with great goodness, owning that he had been imposed upon, and inviting him back. When he came home, he found" (writes his son) "a letter from his father to King Charles II. upon a like occasion, and almost every word the same, and the sentiments likewise." I do not know whether Earl Alexander left a faithful friend behind him at Cologne to vindicate his honesty—Sir Robert Moray probably performed that office,—in the case of Earl Colin, one of the Fifeshire Malcolms, who had owed his fortunes to him, and had followed him into exile, would not quit the court at St. Germain's to join his patron till the truth was vindicated and justice done him.

We have heard comparatively little of the proper subject of this memoir during these years of war and tumult; but a wife's life is bound up with her husband's, and hers was emphatically so, not only through her constant love for him but the sympathy with which she entered into, and the active co-operation which she afforded, so far as lay in her power, to all his objects. The poet Cowley appreciates this in one of the strophes of his quaint yet beautiful Elegy on her husband's death :—

"Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To save his country and restore his king;
And whilst the manly half of him (which those
Who know not love to be the whole suppose)
Perform'd all parts of virtue's vigorous life,
The beauteous half, his lovely wife,
Did all his labours and his cares divide,
Nor was a lame nor paralytic side;
In all the turns of human state,
And all the unjust attacks of fate,
She bore her share and portion still,
And would not suffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be
If I believe that such was he
Whom, in the storms of bad success,
And all that error calls unhappiness,
His virtue, and his virtuous wife, did still accompany!"

The poet dwells much on the constancy with which the banished chief endured "his own and country's ruin," watching the while

> "the hurricanes around,
> Fix'd as an island 'gainst the waves and wind."

But every heroic medal has its homely reverse, and the biographer must take note impartially of both—of "pounds, shillings, and pence" as well as of the palm of victory, the crown of martyrdom. Difficulties of finance, incidental to the necessities of everyday subsistence, little thought of in the retrospect in comparison with weightier trials, yet not the less vexatious and wearing at the time, were the usual concomitants of loyalty in exile; and Balcarres and his wife fared like others in the like position. I have already mentioned the accumulation of private debt consequent on public necessities incurred by them during the preceding years,—their revenues from Scotland (such as remained after payment of the "annual rents" or interest on borrowed money) had been cut off, as we have seen, by Cromwell; and, as a general rule, the Royal family could do but little to assist those who had thrown in their lot with them in the cause of their country. But then and at all times the Stuart princes had warm hearts; they belonged to the old school (so to speak) of royalty; they were essentially, in character, great feudal nobles, and held themselves superior to the small formalities of etiquette, the expression, in fact, of a more modern and conventional state of things,—in prosperity they made warm friends, or it might be fierce enemies, of the barons and gentlemen among whom they ruled as "primi inter pares;" but in either case the friendship or the enmity was hearty and decided on both sides,—in adversity, on the other hand, their crust was always freely halved with their adherents; they had always moreover defended the rights of the humbler classes against the unjust exercise of feudal power, and were kindly and gracious in bearing towards all men; and thus it was that,

with all their faults, they rooted themselves, as a race and a dynasty, in the heart of Scotland, which still attaches a sentiment of kindliness to their memory—a mingled sentiment of love for the past and value for the present, which expressed itself in an old popular rhyme, half tender, half critical,

> "Ilka thing hath its time,
> And sae had kings of the Stuart line!"

The Lindsays, at least, in all their branches, had no cause to complain of the indifference or forgetfulness of the Stuarts during or subsequently to the successive periods of civil war and exile which disturbed Scotland in the seventeenth century. The Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henri IV. of France and widow of Charles I., was extremely kind to the Countess Anna and her husband at the period I am now dwelling upon,—so too was her daughter Mary Princess of Orange, who, though unable to assist them with ready money, stood security for a loan raised in Holland for their assistance; Charles II. showed his good will subsequently; and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., writing to Lord Balcarres in January 1659, and thanking him for "the continuance of the affection you have to our family," apologises by "the condition I am in" for his inability to do more at that time than acknowledge his obligation to him,—"but I hope one day, I shall be better able to let you see it." The appointment of Lady Balcarres as *gouvernante* to the little Prince of Orange, which the King and Clarendon appear to have opposed, probably because of her Presbyterian sympathies, was, I have little doubt, bestowed on her by the Princess Royal in view of the remuneration attached to the office no less than in consideration of the merits and qualities which rendered her peculiarly fitted for such a charge. The little Prince was afterwards, it should be stated, William III. of Great Britain.

I cannot chronicle with exactness the wanderings of

exiles, but in 1657 and in 1658, at least, Balcarres and his wife were settled at the Hague, and in constant intimacy with the family of Cornelius van Sommerdyck, Lord (as we used to say in Scotland) "of that Ilk," whose daughter Veronica was married the following year to another of the expatriated band of friends, Alexander Bruce, afterwards Earl of Kincardine, and predecessor of the late Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Governor-General of India. Sir Robert Moray writes to Bruce after Lord Balcarres's death, "Say to your father-in-law that he hath me in my dear Gossip's" (Balcarres's) "place as far as I can fill it; and if I were not his upon" that "account, his kindness to my dear Cummer" (Lady Balcarres) "is enough to make me so; and he may be sure he has me his since he hath this double title to me, and yet the more that I was very much so before."

These two years, meanwhile, were years of acute suffering to Lady Anna's husband. His health had long been breaking. I mentioned the state of illness he was under when he undertook the campaign of 1653; and this is dwelt upon by King Charles in a letter to him in October that year, in which he writes (in reference to his having sent the commission as Commander-in-chief to Glencairn and not to himself), "As well your own letters as the relation of Sir William Bellenden gave me great apprehension of your want of health, nor have there wanted reports of your death, so that I had no hopes that you would have been able to have ventured into the Highlands." The hardships, in fact, of that campaign probably, in their consequences, cost him his life. He was extremely ill in 1657, and although he recovered somewhat in 1658, it was only for a brief interval. And moral causes were active likewise. The ruin of his country, the present distress of his family, anxiety for the future of his wife, soon to be his widow, and for his children, the "seeming displeasure of his prince" (alluding to the misunderstanding with Charles), and the failure of

the rising for the King under Sir George Booth in August 1659, (to which failure indeed his death was proximately attributed at the time in Scotland,)—"added," says Baxter, "to the distempers he had contracted by his warfare on the cold and hungry mountains"—all contributed to break up his constitution. This season of sorrow, during the last twelvemonth of his life, "he spent," says the author of an obituary memoir of him, "with such advantage to his own soul and the edification of others," that "there are many yet living that will, with all gratitude, acknowledge their conversation with him, his heavenly discourses and holy example, put them much into the way of following him thither."

The event came at last, and when it did come, the end was rapid. He died on Tuesday, the 7th September, or according to the new style, the 30th August 1659, at Breda, whither he had removed from the Hague, on the occasion, I presume, of the king's "displeasure" above-mentioned. An interesting account of the last few days of his life is given in the memoir just quoted, but most of the facts are detailed with the pathos of a widow's heart in a letter from the Countess Anna to a relation and dear friend of her husband's and her own, Sir James, or Colonel Henderson, one of that remarkable and accomplished family of the Hendersons of Fordell, who supplied so many gallant soldiers to the wars of France, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden during the seventeenth century, and who had himself attained his military honours in the French service. It is addressed to Maestricht, where Colonel Henderson probably then was on a visit either to his sister who was married there, or to his cousin-german (through the Halkets of Pitfirran) Sir Robert Moray, who had been for some time resident in that ancient city :—

"Hague, the 31 of October.

"My noble and dear Cousin,

"I could not leave this place without saying somewhat to your Lady and you of the sense I have of your civilities and kindness

to me and to that dear saint of mine that is now in glory. I know you are both sharers with me in this my sad loss I sustain of the want of one of the worthiest men in the world and the kindest husband; therefore I shall tell you that you, and I, and all that belongs to him has reason to rejoice that we have had such a subject to mourn for, since his goodness, the means that heightened his glory, is the object of that impatience that afflicts us. I assure you, he died as he lived, full of courage, and piety, and patience, and tenderness to me, and affection to his friends, and charity to his enemies.

"Because I know well how you loved him, I shall tell you a little of what he said before the Lord took him. Upon the Wednesday in the morning he called me and prayed me that I would not be troubled with what he was to tell me, which was that he could rise up no more; he had sat up and gone upon his feet till that time only to keep me from sad apprehensions of approaching death to him—or rather, I may say, life to him, joyful to him, though sad to me. When he saw me troubled, he said, 'My dear, why do you break my heart? You ought to rejoice because I say, as my blessed Saviour did, I go to my Father,—aye,' said he, 'and your Father; and because I go from persecution and calumny to that company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect.' Upon the Friday he said to me, 'My dear, I have got good news to tell you; I have overcome my greatest difficulty.'—'My love,' said I, 'what's that?'—Said he, 'To part with my dear! Now I can leave you, for I have given you up to the Father, who, I am confident, will care for you.'—Oh me! what that dear mouth said of me, and what I was, and what I had been to him, I am not able to relate, 'though it was fit for me! That day he made a long prayer for the King, that the Lord would bless him with principles fit for him; and a great deal more he said to this purpose; and also he prayed for the rest of the Royal family, and for all his friends, particularly by name, that had been true and kind to him in his afflictions, and that God would forgive his enemies. He said he would not have gone in wrong step with them, contrair to what his conscience dictate to him, for all that the King had, had he been at Whitehall, nor for the whole world, and now he found the comfort of it; and he desired a friend here to present his duty to the King, and tell him that, now that he was before it was long to answer to God for all he had done in his life, that he could say in the presence of God, the searcher of all hearts, that he had served the King, first and last, very faithfully and with an upright heart, and that he had never in all his life declined from that duty and fidelity he owed him, nor had he ever proposed to himself any other end in his service but his honour and advantage.

"The last eight days of that dear life I may say his dear heart was always in heaven, for he was almost always praying, or hearing prayer,

or reading, or speaking to the praise of his blessed Maker and Redeemer. There was with him one Mr. Forbes, a minister and a very honest man, who professed that in all his life he never was so happy nor got so much good of anything as in being with my dear at this time.

"Upon the Saturday's night, he and I talking togeder alone, he said to me that there was many divines of the opinion that all that belonged to God, less or more, found that which Saint Paul speaks of in the eighth of the Romans, of the spirit of bondage; he said, he could not say that ever he found it in all his life. I remembered him what I had heard our minister (who is a most excellent man) say upon that text, that all had it less or more, but God, when he wounded some with the sight of their lost condition without Christ, applied the plaister so soon to the person wounded that the wound was not at all sensible, and he was sure there was many in heaven that never could say they felt the spirit of bondage. The next day I asked him if he would allow me to speak to Mr. Forbes of this before him, which he did; to which Mr. Forbes answered, that God ofttimes did sow the seeds of grace when people was young, and that would insensibly grow up to a tree; and he cited that in John, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth,'—'and now we see the fruit of that tree in you, my Lord,' said he to him. To which he answered, 'I bless my Redeemer for it, since I was nine year old, and even then, I had my own little prayers and ejaculations to heaven, that even then kept me from sleep.'

"I sat always upon the carpet before his bed-side, and often I looked in to him, and, when I found not his eyes fixed upon heaven, I spake to him.

"Upon the Lord's day I asked him what he was doing, and said, 'My love, have you attained to that great measure of assurance that you desire?'—To which he answered, 'I can not tell what they call full assurance, but this I can tell you, that I am as full of joy in believing that my Redeemer is mine and I am his as I can hold, and that I shall be with him before it be long, and that he will never leave me.'—'That's good news, my dear,' said I, 'for you.'—'Aye,' said he, 'and for you also,' said he; 'for you will quickly follow me.'—'Aye, my dear,' said I, 'you will not think it long, for a thousand years where you are going is but as yesterday when it is past.'

"Not a quarter of an hour before the Lord took him, he said to me with a strong voice, (for the Lord gave him the use of his senses, and that great judgment he blessed him with, to the very last moment,) 'My dear, I follow a good guide; he will never leave me, and I will never quit him.'—I finding death fast approaching, I told him his Lord was fast making ready, attended with his blessed angels, to attend him to the mansion he had prepared for him before the world was, and that he would go with him through the valley of the shadow of death. At

this he drew in my head to him and took the last farewell, which you may easily imagine sad to me, and said, 'My dear, pray the passage may be easy.' After that, he prayed a little, looking up whither he was going, laid those dear eyes together, and so went to his Redeemer out of my poor arms without the least motion. I stayed by him, and dressed him all myself, which he expected from me,—for a month before that he would not eat nor drink but that I gave, nor would not let anybody stir him but I. At last, I closed those dear eyes, and that dear mouth I never in all my life heard make a lie or take the name of God in vain. Oh! how Christianly that dear saint of mine lived and died it is impossible for me to tell to you as it was! This will satisfy you that I have said, so as to let you know your friend lives for ever.

"To tell you of my disconsolate condition is but unnecessar to you who know how great reason I have. I hope this sad separation will help to order my steps to the like passage to that place where my dear saint is gone before me.

"It is now near the time my letter must go, so I will say no more but to present my most kind respects to your worthy good lady and to your sister, my Lady Stencalven;* and to desire you to believe, wherever I am, I shall be, in the sense of all your favours,

"Noble Cousin,

"Your very affectionate Cousin

"and humble servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES."

"This next week I intend, God willing, to leave this place."

Thus, then, died, at the early age of forty-one, Alexander Lindsay Earl of Balcarres, a man who seems to have conciliated affection and admiration in almost equal proportion during his brief career,—"without doubt," according to Baillie, "one of the most brave and able gentlemen of our nation, if not the most able;" while Baxter speaks of him as "a lord of excellent learning, judgment, and honesty, none being praised equally with him for learning and under-

* This name seems to be written 'Stencolvis' by Lord Kellie in 1661. He writes as follows to Lauderdale, from Gouderoy, $\frac{28}{18}$ April,—"My Lady Stencolvis, Colonel Henderson's sister, who is now at this place, presents her service to your Lordship and to my Lady. Your Lordship was once in her house at Maestricht. She is really a very able lady, and my good friend."

standing in all Scotland." And Cowley, in the elegy already cited, after speaking with no less appreciation of the "love and respect" which his character, political and personal, commanded from all men, and of

> "His wisdom, justice, and his piety,
> His courage, both to suffer and to die,"

compares the course of Providence in removing him to a better world rather than permit his hand,

> "That once with so much industry and art
> Had clos'd the gaping wounds of every part,
> To perfect his distracted nation's cure,"

to the dealings of sovereigns with their most trusted envoys :—

> "So God-like kings, for secret causes, known
> Sometimes but to themselves alone,
> One of their ablest ministers elect,
> And send abroad to treaties which they intend
> Shall never take effect;
> But though the treaty wants a happy end,
> The happy agent wants not the reward
> For which he labour'd faithfully and hard;
> His just and gracious master calls him home,
> And gives him, near himself, some honourable room."

As respects the private or personal character of Lord Balcarres I can add but little to that incidentally conveyed of him in his widow's letter to Colonel Henderson. The memoir I have more than once quoted describes him as "tender to his wife, affectionate to his friends, compassionately forgetting his enemies, kind to all his relations." It speaks further of his personal habits of devotion and study; but I will only cite one little saying of his on his death-bed, probably on the occasion of the conversation with Mr. Forbes—Patrick Forbes, I believe, afterwards Bishop of Caithness—mentioned by Lady Balcarres. "My lord," asked Mr. Forbes, "do you forgive all your enemies, that have so maliciously persecute you?" "Aye, aye, Mr. Forbes," he replied; "long ago,—I bless God that is not to do."

Lord Balcarres' remains were sent home to Scotland for burial. They were landed at Elie on the 2d of December, and conveyed to Balcarres; but the interment was delayed in anticipation of the Restoration, then in every one's expectation, and of the presence of Lady Balcarres. It was not therefore till the 12th of June 1660, while Scotland and England were yet ringing with the acclamations that proclaimed King Charles once more a monarch in his fathers' land, that the remains of his tried and faithful follower were consigned by his widow and her two little sons to their last resting-place in the family chapel at Balcarres.

CHAPTER III.

THE warmest sympathy had been shown to Lady Balcarres when the news of her impending bereavement reached her friends. Sir Robert Moray's letter on the occasion has not been preserved, but he wrote by the same opportunity to Alexander Bruce, from Paris, on the 12th September 1659, beginning with the abrupt but significant words, "This once you will be contented I say but little to you, though I never had so large a theme." After the expressions of grief natural to the occasion, but repressed with the stoicism which, as Burnet tells us, veiled over although it could not deaden the kindness of his heart, he proceeds, "Let us henceforward converse and speak as calmly of what concerns my dear Cummer as we can, and get her to do so too. My undoubting expectation your next will tell me my dear Gossip hath shaken off mortality makes me think of what concerns my dear Cummer and her little ones; and here I give you not only mine own thoughts but my Lord Jermyn's, that no time may be lost in determining what is fit for her to do. I do not know in what portion of his estate she is infeft, nor whether her infeftment is unbroken, nor where it is; but I think it will be necessary to prepare as soon as possible for a journey home to settle what concerns it and her little ones, and the estate. Her way must be by London, for which either she needs no pass, or may get Downing's.* There she will get Lauderdale's advice" (Lauderdale was still confined in the Tower, having, like Crawford-Lindsay, been a prisoner in England ever since

* Downing, afterwards Sir George Downing, Bart., was then Resident or Ambassador from the Commonwealth to Holland.

1651,) "and may procure what is necessary for taking off sequestration, &c., unless she determines otherwise. If there be any inconvenience in carrying the little ones" (that is, her daughters) "with her, they may be left where they are, especially if she have any thought of coming back to be about the P. R.," (the Princess Royal or Princess of Orange,) "which will be secured to her the while. I know not indeed how she shall be provided for the journey unless you help her in it; yet I think the Queen" (Henrietta Maria) "will do somewhat in it, if she stay so long as it might be got done; for I would have her gone before winter." It was in pursuance of these arrangements that Lady Balcarres proceeded to London, as intimated in her letter to Colonel Henderson above given, in the beginning of November 1659.

The Queen had written very kindly to her on the 19th September, on hearing of her loss, expressing the esteem she had entertained for Lord Balcarres and the pleasure it would give her to contribute anything to her consolation. She wrote likewise to her daughter, the Princess of Orange, (as she tells her in a second letter dated the 11th October,) in the same strain. And from the Princess of Orange, to whom Lady Balcarres had apparently written from England, thanking her for past kindnesses, she received a letter so cordial and appreciative that it is worth insertion, although part of it refers to a matter irrelevant to this narrative, the opposition offered by Charles II. to his sister's visit to Paris at the time in question :—

"My Lady Balcarres,

"If it had been in my power, you should have found before this time the effects of that true esteem I have for your person, for I may assure you with truth that the want of those occasions did much trouble me, and now more than ever, finding how much you are satisfied with those very little civilities I was able to perform when I was with you, which I am so ashamed you should take notice of that I will leave this subject, and tell you that the kindness of the Queen's invitation of me to come to her is very well able alone to overcome all endeavours

of hindering me from that happiness, if I had not a most passionate desire of waiting upon her Majesty, which I hope to do very shortly in spite of all designs to the contrary; and wherever I go, let me desire you to believe that I shall always strive to show you the reality of my being, My Lady Balcarres,

"Your most affectionate friend,

"MARIE."

And this letter again was followed not long afterwards by a few lines from King Charles himself, dated "Brusselles, 29th March 1660," in which he says,—

"Madame,

"I hope you are so well persuaded of my kindness to you as to believe that there can no misfortune happen to you and I not have my share in it. I assure you I am troubled at the loss you have had; and I hope that God will be pleased to put me into such a condition before it be long as I may let you see the care I intend to have of you and your children, and that you may depend upon my being very truly, Madame,

"Your affectionate friend,

"CHARLES R."

I cite these letters as testifying to the kindness of heart that dictated them rather than to the merits of her they were addressed to. Even simple sympathy and courtesy, the "cup of cold water" of Our Saviour's commendation, apart from active assistance, have their kindly value; but Charles's words were not idle promises. He redeemed his pledge as soon as it was in his power to do so, after the Restoration, by settling on Lady Balcarres and the longest liver of her two sons Charles and Colin a pension of one thousand pounds a year on her giving up during their minority the patent of the hereditary government of the Castle of Edinburgh. And he took great personal interest in the fortunes of her surviving son, Earl Colin—"as well for his father's sake," he writes in 1672, "as his own"—throughout his reign. It was several years, however, before the grant of the pension could take full effect, so exhausted was the Scottish treasury and so pressing the immediate demands upon

it; and during this interval Lady Balcarres suffered occasionally great privations.

I may here interpose, although a little out of its place, a letter of Lady Balcarres to the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, referring to the King's proposed assistance, and which shews incidentally that Hyde had been kind to her, as I previously intimated. It was forwarded to him, I believe, through Lauderdale :—

"My very noble Lord,

"If I was not hindered by indisposition, my mouth had given your Lordship this repeated trouble, and not my hand. Your noble reception of that which both have already offered you encourages me to this, which I hope will be the more easy to you that I leave the whole representment of my pressures to this noble bearer, my kindest cousin. I shall only just put you in mind that I rely confidently upon the assurance I gathered from your favourable expressions concerning my desires and his Majesty's gracious promises, and earnestly beg your Lordship may be pleased to interpose your credit with him again to make them effectual. And I will ever account this noble favour to be an eminent testimony of your compassionate care of my poor children and most obliging kindness to,

"My noble Lord,

"Your Lordship's most humble servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES."

"For the Earl of Clarendon,
"Lord High Chancellor of England."

Lady Balcarres's visit to London in November 1659 was, I take it, very short; and after transacting her immediate business she returned to the Continent, and remained there some months longer with "the little ones," her daughters. Baxter speaks of her coming over "with the King," which would be in May 1660; but the expression must not be construed literally, as Charles crossed over to Dover on the 25th, and entered Westminster on the celebrated 29th, while the Countess Anna was already at Balcarres on the 17th of that auspicious month. The one great object of her visit to Fife has already been intimated —to pay the last honours to the remains of her husband.

But tears and smiles mark the varying hours on the dial of life, just as lights and shadows are ever chasing each other across the varied features of the summer landscape. Amidst all her sorrow, the pure delight of embracing her two sons, Charles and Colin, once more, after an absence of seven years, awaited her at Balcarres; and she writes to Lauderdale accordingly, on the 17th of May, in the fulness of her content,—"I bless the Lord for it, I have found here two of the prettiest healthfulest boys that can be, and so like their dear father that I know not which of them may be said is the likest." With these little companions, the eldest aged nine, the younger seven or eight years old, she cannot have found the visit to Balcarres altogether melancholy. The memories, moreover, that haunted the scenes which for so many years had ceased to be familiar ones, were all connected with her husband's and her own early love and home occupations in the more cheerful days before the Civil War acquired intensity and required Lord Balcarres's presence elsewhere. Such memories, if sad, must nevertheless have been soothing also. Indoors there was his "closet," or library, full of rare and interesting volumes inherited from his father and grandfather, a collection augmented by himself, where Lauderdale and he had held bibliomaniacal counsel together, with herself as interlocutor, in former years, and which his son and successor Earl Colin developed during his days of prosperity into what was in the days of Sir Robert Sibbald esteemed "a great Bibliotheck." And out of doors there was the garden, in which they had both taken deep interest, she in the flowers, many of them now-a-days accounted mere weeds, which they had imported and cultivated, and he particularly in his pears, Bergamots from France, which Sir Robert Moray had procured and sent him from Paris when in the service of the Cardinal de Richelieu, and which, it seems, succeeded admirably on the walls at Balcarres, notwithstanding the exposed climate of the East of Fifeshire. The old house

of Balcarres, with its paved cloister or court, its towers, turrets, and gabled roofs without, and its deeply recessed window-seats, curiously stuccoed ceilings, and winding turnpike-stair within, (the latter still the only access to the upper regions of the building even in its present state,) was then untouched, in its quaint and picturesque simplicity. Hollies and ilexes, and loftier elms, and other forest-trees, planted by David Lord Balcarres and by his father Secretary Lindsay, (most of them still surviving, and the home of thousands of rooks,) surrounded the house; and the infant trees of one grove in particular, of her husband's and her own planting, and which still went by the name of "the New Planting" in the recollection of persons still alive, were vigorously growing up in rivalry with the little Charles and Colin, their contemporaries. The Craig of Balcarres, now in great part covered with trees, and its lower zone with an undergrowth of enormous branching laurels, was then unplanted and bare; and Lady Balcarres and her little companions (more familiar with its recesses) often doubtless wandered thither, to ramble over its broken rocks, or admire the magnificent view outstretching from the summit, embracing mountain and vale, lake and sea, firth and islands, village-kirk and storied tower, and the distant gleam of Edinburgh, and the stern outline of Arthur's Seat in the further distance, all included within one vast and varied horizon. I do not wonder that amid such scenes, with such companions, and in the sacred vicinity of the chapel rich with the dust so lately consigned to it, the widowed Countess found rest and consolation for a harassed spirit, and lingered on there for nearly two months, till obliged to return to England and to London by urgent claims calling for her presence. She started with the children on her return south on the 12th of July, as stated by Lamont, the Fifeshire chronicler, who carefully notices the comings and goings from Balcarres.

From this time till May 1662, for nearly two years, the Countess Anna remained in England. She had much

business to transact at head-quarters, business of the nature pointed at in Sir Robert Moray's letter to Alexander Bruce above quoted, and in which she had in him, in Lauderdale, and Crawford-Lindsay, able and kind advisers. It was at this time, I presume, that she first became personally acquainted with Richard Baxter, the admirable author of the "Saints' Rest," who has spoken so frequently and warmly of her in his memoirs and elsewhere. The following is the account he gives of the origin of their friendship :—"When the Earl of Lauderdale," Lord Balcarres's "near kinsman and great friend, was prisoner in Portsmouth and Windsor Castle, he fell into acquaintance with my books, and so valued them that he read them all, and took notes of them, and earnestly recommended them to the Earl of Balcarres with the King. The Earl of Balcarres met, at the first sight, with some passages where he thought I spoke too favourably of the papists and differed from many other protestants, and so cast them by, and sent the reason of his distaste to the Earl of Lauderdale, who pressed him but to read one of the books through, which he did, and so read them all, (as I have seen many of them marked with his hand,) and was drawn to over-value them more than the Earl of Lauderdale. Hereupon his lady reading them also, and being a woman of very strong love and friendship, with extraordinary entireness swallowed up in her husband's love, for the books' sake, and her husband's sake, she became a most affectionate friend to me before she ever saw me. While she was in France, being zealous for the King's restoration, (for whose cause her husband had pawned and ruined his estate,) by the Earl of Lauderdale's direction, she, with Sir Robert Moray, got divers letters from the pastors and others there, to bear witness of the King's sincerity in the protestant religion. Her great wisdom, modesty, piety, and sincerity made her accounted the saint at the Court. When she came over with the King, her extraordinary respects obliged me to be so often with her as gave me ac-

quaintance with her eminency in all the aforesaid virtues. She is of a solid understanding in religion for her sex, and of prudence much more than ordinary, and of great integrity and constancy in her religion, and a great hater of hypocrisy, and faithful to Christ in an unfaithful world; and she is somewhat overmuch affectionate to her friend, which hath cost her a great deal of sorrow in the loss of her husband, and since of other special friends, and may cost her more when the rest forsake her, as many in prosperity use to do those that will not forsake their fidelity to Christ."—"Being my constant auditor and over-respectful friend, I had occasion," he adds, "for the just praises and acknowledgments which I have given her."

A bitter trial awaited her towards the end of the year 1660, and from a quarter whence perhaps she least expected it,—the conversion of her eldest daughter, in fact her eldest child, Lady Anna Lindsay, aged between sixteen and seventeen, to Roman Catholicism. Lady Anna was of a very thoughtful character, and "had made it," as she stated subsequently in a letter to her mother, "her whole business till seventeen years of age to pray to God to direct her to follow His doctrine." The Jesuits about the court, and especially a father known by the names of Johnson and Terret, took advantage, I suspect, of her mother's absence in Scotland—and there seems reason to think with the Queen-mother's privity—to lay siege to her faith and commend the claims of the Romanist church by contrasting the "variety of judgments" in the Protestant communions with the unity, authority, and holiness of the Church Catholic as represented by the see of Rome,—using, in short, the arguments urged by Bossuet later in the century, and which have been so frequently employed with success under similar circumstances by Roman Catholic proselytisers in our own time. On becoming acquainted with her daughter's doubts Lady Balcarres applied in the first instance to Dr. Gunning, one of the most learned and eminent of the

English divines, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester, "to meet with the priest, to dispute with him, and try if her daughter might be recovered;" but the Doctor "first began" (I quote Baxter's account of Lady Balcarres's report of the controversy) "to persuade her daughter against the Church of Scotland which she had been bred in as no true church, and afterwards disputed but about the Pope's infallibility, and left her daughter worse than before; and she took it to be a strange way" (she observed) "to deliver her daughter from Popery to begin with a condemnation of the Reformed churches as no true churches and confess that the Church and ministry of Rome was true." What Dr. Gunning meant is intelligible enough, although Lady Balcarres may not have understood or construed it correctly. At first, indeed, it would appear as if the poor girl's best interests had been betrayed and sacrificed in an argument directed as much against Presbyterianism as Popery, in the view of the superior claims of the Church of England; but the conditions of the dispute seem to have been determined by the nature of the doubts and the character of the person Dr. Gunning had to deal with; and perceiving that it was not so much a question of feeling as of principle and fact, in which the head rather than the heart was concerned, and unable to deal effectually with the argument for Popery except from a Catholic point of view, he pointed out, as I understand it, that the certainty she craved and the sure footing she sought for amid the diversities of theological opinion and private judgment which she observed among the Protestants could only be found in the Apostolical doctrine of the Catholic Church as represented by the Reformed Church of England, primitive alike in antiquity and pure in doctrine, preserving the succession from the Apostles unbroken, and protesting, in the strength of her Œcumenical and world-wide standard, against novelties of doctrine, whether in addition to or subtraction from the faith — Romanist, Calvinist, Lutheran, Independent, or

otherwise — with strict impartiality. But what, after all, could be expected from such arguments in the case of an untaught, unlessoned girl of seventeen — arguments conducted too in the formal manner of the schools—except a confirmed submission on her part to the authority of those who announced their views with the most uncompromising dogmatism, and supported them with the most unscrupulous sophistry?

It was at this moment that, hearing that Lady Balcarres was ill, Baxter went to see her, and found her in the state of grief and perplexity which can so well be imagined under the circumstances just detailed. Deeply sympathising with her, he conversed repeatedly with her daughter Lady Anna, and endeavoured, but in vain, to induce the priest who had perverted her to meet and discuss the claims of Rome with him in her presence; and the affair ended in her being "stolen away secretly from her mother in a coach, conveyed to France, and put into a nunnery, where," adds Baxter, "she is since dead. Not long after her departure she sent a letter to her lady mother, and subscribed 'Sister Anna Maria.' It contained the reasons of her perversion; and, though I knew they were not likely to suffer her to read it, I wrote an answer to it at her mother's desire, which was sent to her by her mother." Sister Anna Maria's letter has not been preserved, but Baxter's, dated the 1st December 1660, is given in his "Reliquiæ." The superior of her convent need not have withheld it, as it does but little honour to his polemical skill. The arguments properly suited to the matter in controversy are not resorted to, and an acrimony against the Church of Rome pervades it, in which it is difficult to recognise the better spirit of the writer. He evidently expected no effect from it. "We shall have leave to pray for you," he concludes, "though we cannot have leave to instruct you; and God may hear us when you will not; which I have the more hopes of because of the piety of your parents, and the prayers and tears of a

tender mother poured out for you, and your own well-meaning pious disposition,"—but this is the only touch of tenderness throughout the composition. "This," adds Baxter, in terminating his narrative of this distressing episode, "was the darling of that excellent, wise, religious lady, the widow of an excellent lord; which made the affliction great, and taught her to moderate her affections to all creatures."

The whole of the ensuing year, 1661, was spent by Lady Balcarres (as I have said) in England; and at the beginning of 1662 the result, as regarded the business that detained her there, was that whatever could be done at the time had been done for the estate and her own and her children's provision,—that provision had been made sure and certain as to the future, but money was still difficult to be had, and there was not as yet the prospect of her pension being paid except in small instalments. It thus appeared to be the wisest course in all respects that she should return to Scotland, both as a cheaper residence and to look after the family affairs at home, leaving, as before, her brother-in-law, Sir Robert Moray, now Justice-Clerk, her cousin Lauderdale, Secretary of State for Scotland, and Crawford-Lindsay, the High Treasurer, to do what they could in her behalf. She sent the two boys to Balcarres about the beginning of 1662, and followed herself with her two remaining daughters, Sophia and Henrietta, in May that year. She requested Baxter, as he tells us, "being deeply sensible of the loss of the company of those friends which she left behind her, to preach the last sermon she was to hear from him" "on those words of Christ, 'Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered every one to his own, and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.'" She had need for all the consolation such thoughts could give her, for more suffering was in store for her heart, and the less painful but wearing anxieties of finance pressed very heavily upon her.

These last are vividly set forth in a letter to Lauderdale, written on the 4th July, shortly after her arrival at Balcarres, and in another written without her knowledge by Mr. David Forret, minister of Kilconquhar, already mentioned—one of those attached and confidential family friends of whom so many examples present themselves in the history of the ancient families of Scotland. Lady Balcarres in her letter speaks severely and perhaps hardly of Crawford-Lindsay; and it must be owned that, with all his great abilities, he was (in his private capacity) very careless in money matters, a point of view in which indifference or remissness is often cruelty in its effect upon others; but the real fact was that the difficulty of raising money from Scottish revenues for Scottish objects at that time of general distress and disorganisation was greater than can well be imagined. I am not however very solicitous to apologise for a touch of impatience which always belongs to a character ardent and impassioned, however self-disciplined, as hers was. For good Mr. Forret, a looker-on and friend, any excuse would be superfluous. Lady Balcarres's letter is as follows :—

"My Lord,

"I entreat you to give the King this with your first convenience, and, for God's sake, do all you can to get me a speedy answer; and consider seriously upon my condition, and that He that sits in heaven, who sees what you do for the widow and fatherless, will reward you. The remembrance of your dead friend, that loved you as his own heart, I hope will have its room in yours with that of my sad and sorrowful condition, who never wanted that degree of courage and kindness to you which would have made me ha' ventured my life for you. But I will say no more of this, but that I will wait with great impatience till I hear from you. Shall I yet say a word now of my condition to you? I am not for the present mistress of sixpence. Yet I will not blame my Lord Crawford, how ill soever he use me. I am rather sorry he is so unfortunate never to oblige his friends and those that wish him best. I would beseek your Lordship to speak to him, not as from me but from yourself,—desire that he would but let me have presently but that money there is precepts" (orders) "drawn for, which is two hunder and fifty pound [that] my Lord Ballantyne" (Bellenden) "drew, and a hunder that rest unpaid of the two hundred and fifty[ll] he

gave for me before he left Scotland. If he would cause presently give me the 350ll, or 400ll, it would pay all what I owe yet at London and do some necessary things I have to do here. I owe to Mr. Dudney 100ll, which Sir William Waller is bound for, that must be precisely paid the beginning of August; and 100ll to Mrs. Tyler my Lord Crawford is bound for himself,—besides, all my apothecary's accompts and others there, as Mr. Drummond can tell you, will be more than sixty pound. If my Lord do nothing in this for your Lordship, I will crave leave to say he is in the wrong, for if it was not for you, I fear there would be but little in his power to do for anybody. O me! my dear Lord, think upon the complications of afflictions I have to go under; my pressures, and the apprehensions I have and disturbance for my poor child Charles, is not easy to bear. For fear the breathings of my afflicted spirit may affect yours, I will break off and bid you adieu! I fear you think it's more than time.

"I have written to my Lord Chancellor of England. If it get any answer by writ, break it up. You will by it know what I may expect. I have sent it by Dr. Earles, my old kind friend."

Mr. Forret's letter reveals the state of distress and consequent illness to which Lady Balcarres was reduced by this state of pressing difficulty and uncertainty. I would not dwell too much on such minor troubles, but they illustrate the trials and sufferings, small as well as great, which dogged the footsteps yet glorified the path of loyalty and patriotism two hundred years ago, and may (God only knows) attend those of the Countess Anna's descendants under similar circumstances in future years; for what has been may be again, and there is nothing new under the sun :—

"Right Honourable,

"My Lady Balcarres some hours after she sent her servant for London fell in a very sore and most dangerous fit of sickness. Mr. Wood was present with her all that night; he told me her weakness was so great (her pulse for some hours not being discernible) that he looked every moment for present death. The next day I went in to the town and found my lady in a condition little better; and therefore we resolved presently to send to Sir John Wedderburn for his advice. Mr. Wood (who hath some skill in medicine) sent an information to the Doctor concerning her disease. I behoved to come out in the end of the week, and so knows not yet either his judgment anent the disease, or what his advice is. My lady after the fourth night (blessed be God!) became some better, but is still very weak and oppressed with extreme

grief, whilk she keeps within, not making it known to any save to me, whom my lady knows to be fully acquainted with the cause of it. The present great straits my lady is in, the difficulty she hath to provide for her family, though she live as frugally and sparingly as any can do, the clear foresight she hath of the inevitable ruin of the estate if the Lord in mercy do not prevent it, do so overwhelm her spirit that her stomach is near gone ; and [she] gets very little sleep in the night ; and such a weak body as my lady hath cannot long subsist in this condition. If my Lord Crawford knew but half so much of my lady's straits as I do, I am persuaded he would not be so forgetful of her as he is. It is no wonder that my lady is in such straits, and hath such difficulty in maintaining her family, seeing the rent of her jointure for the year 1662 was all spent before my lady came to Scotland. A part of it was detained in the tenants' hands for money previously advanced by them ; a considerable part of it was sent by bill to London for bringing home the children, and the rest spent in the house before my lady's return ; so that all this last summer (in which time my lady was at great charges, partly by physicians and partly by going several times to Edinburgh about her necessary affairs) my lady was necessitate to live on the rent of her jointure for the crop 1662 ; and now that year's rent is wholly exhausted, and verily my lady is in such perplexity that she knows not whither to turn her. There is no money here for borrowing. My lady's tenants can do no more for her help than they have done, so that if the Treasurer do not for her, I profess seriously I see no other of it but that within a few weeks she shall be reduced to as great extremity as ever she was in when she lived among strangers. And therefore, my noble Lord, I must so far presume as humbly and with all earnestness to entreat your Honour, for the Lord's sake, and as ye tender the life of your dear friend, to deal effectually with my Lord Crawford for a considerable and present supply ; for her condition admits of no delay. As for the estate, it is in a most desperate condition, —if something is not done by his Majesty for the recovery of it, it is ruined. Your Lordship, I am confident, will do in this what possibly can be done ; and whenever any grounds of hope appear that anything can be done for preserving of it from ruin, if your Honour shall be pleased to make this known to my lady, it would much revive her, and ease her of that burden of grief that weights down her heart.

" I add no more ; but, humbly craving pardon for the trouble I put your Honour to by this too long letter, I shall always continue,

" My noble Lord,

" Your Lordship's most humble servant,

" Mr. David Forret."

It was not till some time after these letters were written

that matters mended in a worldly point of view, and I shall have a good deal still to say upon the subject. But the arrow of a deeper affliction was threatening the heart of Lady Balcarres at the moment we are now pausing upon; and its descent was not long withheld.

In the letter to Lauderdale above inserted Lady Balcarres speaks, it will have been noticed, of "the apprehensions I have and disturbance for my poor child Charles," now, since his father's death, Earl of Balcarres. His health, and beauty, and likeness to his father, had been conspicuous on her first arrival at Balcarres two summers previously, after seven years of absence. But the seeds of illness were latent in him, and of an illness of a very peculiar and terrible description, although unattended apparently with much pain. He died, says Baxter, "of a strange disease, a large stone being found in his heart after death,—an emblem" (he observes characteristically) "of the mortal malady now reigning." He was, Baxter adds, "an excellent youth, of great parts and piety." He was but twelve years and eight months old at the time of his death, having been born, as will be remembered, just before Charles II.'s visit to Balcarres in February 1651. He died on the 15th October, 1662. A letter, unburdening her sorrow to Lauderdale, her husband's and her own friend of so many years' standing, gives an interesting account of the last days of her little charge :—

"My dear Lord,

"There has been constantly so great a crowd of kind neighbours that it was not possible for me to do that which was both my duty and inclination, to let your Lordship know the sad breach the Lord has made in this poor family in taking my dear child Charles so unexpectedly from me. I know this sad and sharp stroke that wounds so my heart will pierce yours very sensibly, and the more when you remember what he was and whose he was. Oh! my dear Lord, my loss is great,—of a dear and wise child, who was so obedient and loving to me, whose carriage said he had no will but mine, next to the pleasing of God. Alas! so foolish was I to build upon the wisdom, gravity, piety, I saw in this my dear child, that he would be some extraordinary meteor and example to his family and others,—which God has thought

fit to throw down at one blow ; which has struck me so to the ground that I can'do nothing but stand astonished with my blow, and consider the sovereignty, the mercy, the wisdom of Him that gave it ; all which cries aloud to me, 'Be still, and know that I am God!' Shall the pot-sherds of the earth say, What doest thou ? to him before whom we are as grasshoppers ? I see enough to silence clay and dust, though I should not consider his love, his righteousness, his fatherliness, all which does appear in his dealings towards me,—and in this last I ought not in the least to complain, since he has but taken his own and that he had fitted for himself, and has given me the satisfaction to find I was happy as to be a mother to an heir of heaven.

"Though it may seem tedious to another to read, and appear fond passion to be the cause of my writing, yet I shall fear no such thing from you, so shall let your Lordship know this child has had like a quotidian ague since April last ; till within this two month, six weeks ago, [he continued] to have his own fresh colour and flesh,—ten days before God took him he became very melancholy and did sensibly decay daily ; his clear colour became blackish, and his hands and feet seldom or never hot. Upon the Lord's day before the Lord took him, I, being apprehensive of that which was approaching, would not suffer him to go to church. Though he fand neither pain nor sickness, nor apprehended any such thing as death, yet did he spend that day as if it had been his last, in reading, praying, and singing psalms ; and, what was strange, took up the psalms himself, though he had no music, as if it had been his practice all his life ; he read and sung such places as made his choice matter of my admiration. The last psalm he sung was the last part of the 34th. Upon Monday and Tuesday he vomit all that he did eat or drink, without being sick,—he had a most sad sigh, which made me question him what made him sigh so deeply ; he said he had many challenges that he had not spent his time so in the service of God as he should have done ; he was in some anxiety of spirit for an hour, but after he had prayed and given himself up to God, and cast all his burden upon his Mediator and Cautioner, he was at great quiet, said he had not the least trouble to leave the world, only to leave his 'dear lady mother and Sophia.' Upon Wednesday morning, at six o'clock, after a quiet night's rest, in a moment he found all his strength and spirits decay togeder, and called to me, and threw his arms about my neck, and prayed God to 'bless his dear lady mother,' desired Mr. Forret to pray, and then he looked up and desired of God that the blood of Jesus Christ would clean him of all his sins, and that He would take him to be for ever with Himself, which He immediately did,—so my dear child went to Him that made him without either pain or sickness. I caused open him,—his lungs and all his noble parts was untouched ; he had a great liver and a great spleen full of black blood, yet had no

blood at all in his veins; only his heart was his defect, which had in it a stone that weights an ounce and a half. The stone and the physician's description that opened him I intend to send to your Lordship with the first sure bearer, which I pray your Lordship let Dr. Fraser see,* who I know will be troubled for his father's son, and will give me his advice concerning the rest of my poor children, who are now a small number, —but blessed be the Lord for what I have! He gives and he takes.

"I know the most part thinks it a strange thing to see me so affected with this, whose daily food is affliction; but I hope your Lordship will not do so, but will allow somewhat of compassion to the bowels and heart of a tender mother to so good and dear a child. I do expect pity from my friends, since I am so great an object of it since the hand of God has touched me. I am pained at the very heart till I begin to consider the joy and glory my dear child is enjoying, how he is beholding the King in his beauty, and following the Lamb, and that before it be long I shall see that City that's now afar off; and, though I live in a continual storm, the gale will, I hope, blow at last will blow me into the haven.

"My dear Lord, pray for me as I do for you, that I may be strengthened with all might, according to his glorious promise, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.

"I am, my dear Lord,

"Your most affectionate Cousin

"and humble servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES.

"Shall I desire your Lordship to present my humble duty to the King and tell him I have done, I bless God, my duty to his god-son,— but God has done better. I hope his Majesty will care for the poor children who is behind.

"My Lord, pray present my kind respects to my Lady and my Lady Mary.† I know my Lady will so much know my condition that I cannot write much at this time. I have writ much more than I intended. Adieu, my dear Lord!"

Some time after this, Lady Balcarres sent up to Lauderdale by the hands of Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, for medical inspection, the stone which had been found in Earl Charles's heart. She wrote as follows on the occasion:—

* Sir Alexander Fraser, Court physician to Charles II., and a great friend of Lauderdale, Moray, etc., at London.

† Lauderdale's daughter, the "Lady Anne" of the peerages.

"My dear Lord,

"When I consider how lazy I am to write, and also how desirous I really am that my friends should never be troubled with hearing of so unfortunate a person as I am, your Lordship knows so well for whom it is I do it that I will make no apology for what I daily trouble you with. Now, my Lord, I shall only say, I have sent your Lordship, with my Lord St. Andrews, a poor pledge for so rich a jewel, —this is all I have now for my dear child, my little saint I may rather say, who is now, I hope, a star of the first magnitude. Oh! my sweet child; how distressed, how sorrowful has he left me, with an afflicted family! I could say much of my losses of my two dear Lord Balcarreses, but I know it is not so civil as pleasant to me, and the rather when I remember it's to your Lordship, whose they both were, almost as mine. Were it not too tedious, I think I could have written, though not so learnedly yet more fully, and that which your Lordship and physicians (that, I think, will be astonished with the bigness of the stone, how his little heart could contain it) would have made use of. My Lord, pray let me know what physicians say of it, and if there could have been help for it, and whether they think he had it from his conception, or but lately grown.—I am, my dear Lord,

"Your most affectionate Cousin

"and humble servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES."

Earl Charles was buried on the 21st October 1662, six days after his decease, in the chapel of Balcarres, and according to the chronicler of Fife, "in the night season." The imagination can easily picture the sepulchral edifice, with its Gothic arches, armorial insignia, and mortuary carvings, lit up by torches, and the mourning groups of kindred and vassals committing to the dust the tender flower which had so recently been blooming among them. Many such blossoms, early nipped from the same familiar stem, have since been laid there beside Earl Charles; and they will one day arise along with him, all together, a fair young company, to a fuller and maturer bloom, at the summons to their Redeemer's kingdom.

At the moment when the news of Earl Charles's death reached Baxter, he was putting the finishing touch to his treatise on the "Divine Life," one of his most excellent works, and which was founded upon and an enlargement of

the sermon he had preached at Lady Balcarres's request on her departure from London, as previously stated. He now prefixed to it, as published, a beautiful address to her of consolation on the loss of her son.

Lady Balcarres again wrote to Lauderdale on the 24th of February in the ensuing year, 1663; and it appears by her letter (unless her informant was mistaken), that the account she had sent him of her son's death had never reached his hands, although that account is in fact preserved among the Lauderdale papers lately acquired by the British Museum. Her letter shows (*inter alia*) that difficulties of a more urgent kind, and of older standing than those dwelt upon in her letter of the 4th July previously, were beginning to press upon her :—

"My Lord,

"I wrote to your Lordship not long ago a long letter of all concerns me, and it's lost by the misfortune this poor boy had by sea; yet I resolved to send him again that I may by him hear from your Lordship, and also let you know all the difficulties and straits I am put to by reason of the debt contracted in England, Holland, and when I was last in Scotland, which is almost all to pay yet. Here I must again tell your Lordship that my Lord Kellie told me that which vexed me, which was that your Lordship had neither had mine, wherein I gave you an account of my dear child's sickness and death, wherein I enclosed some epitaphs was made upon him,* nor that where I said somewhat of the great sense I had of your Lordship's not only making most of my afflictions your own, but that you had made some of my debt yours till God enable me to pay it. Though you had neither of them, I hope you did not think of me that I appeared to be, which was, a person very unworthy of the many testimonies of your kindness and favour I and mine have had from you. Here I could say a great deal, but I will not, lest you think I say somewhat like that the world calls compliment. I will say nothing, but will leave the rich God to be your rich rewarder. Whatever my misfortunes make me appear to be, I beg your Lordship never to be so unjust to me as not to think I bear that in my heart to you I justly owe you, and ever bear you in all

* Probably elegiac verses, such as were frequently consecrated to the memory of friends in any way remarkable at that time. The "epitaphs" here in question have been lost.

conditions of our life. My low condition makes me say little because I can do nothing but trouble my friends I would account no small blessing to serve.

"So long as it is in my mind I must break off my saying somewhat like thanks, and tell you, though I will not the least quarrel, that I think it very long since I heard from your Lordship, and can bear other's unkindness better than your silence; and that some that's here sometimes hear from you often and I never a word made my heart very great; and when I have been, as I was this last summer, little . . . fight the combat for some of my friends, I never had a word to satisfy me,—and I shall never believe but you thought I was more concerned for you by far than those you took the pains to satisfy and to write to. This, I hope, will be taken but for a kind challenge, as it is indeed without any design but that I may have the comfort to know sometimes your Lordship is as I should wish you. There is sometimes stories invented to your prejudice, which I have nothing to contradict but that I knew long ago, and to which I always trusted, which was, His Majesty's justice and kindness to you, and that owned faithfulness to him for whom you have suffered so much. I could hardly think he would ha' rewarded you for being two years almost blind in a dungeon for him at Portland, he would ha' sent you out of his dominions to see light, as was told us. It's no disparagement to your king and master to say you have a greater to trust to, to whom you are dear, and who will have a care of you when pleasures and flesh fails you—even He that has washed you in His blood, and redeemed you, when He will let others perish in their ignorance. 'I honour them that honour me!' Oh, my dear Lord, forgive me, that cares you with my heart and soul, if I beg of you to know and honour Him, being an example to others; and let nothing hinder you from paying that worship is due for one that I am sure is His to pay to Him. All creatures live in a kind of unquiet fever but those that only strive to please God and be at peace with Him. That . . . and all things else may make me ashamed to write to you. You know well the heart from whence it comes, and that I am not ignorant of the many temptations you have to give little of your time to your blessed Creator and Redeemer, to whom it is due. When time is looked back upon, it is sweet and comfortable to think of those hours we have spent in communion with the Father and the Son, and in a blessed and sweet intercourse with heaven.

"I must end this as I begun. Forgive it; for it's not that I have the least doubt of your failing in doing what you should do; but that I may show my desire to have them I love on earth along with me in heaven, where we shall part no more. Heaven bless you! And the great and good God make you as happy here and hereafter as my daily prayer wishes you!

"I would make apology for this I send you, that will take up too much of your time, but that I have not will, by excusing myself, to make it greater; so I will say no more, but put all I would say in a memorandum,—only [I would] let you know I got none of my pension, which I believe you know not; and, if my difficulties and straits and burdens is become too heavy for my estate and, I may say, for my heart to bear, had I not got a good and tender-hearted reconciled God to go to, I could not but succumb. I do not complain to none but your Lordship, who, I know, will fittingly consider . . . as much as you can. I have said somewhat to my Lord Treasurer, whose absence is, I know, prejudicial to me. Sure he will refuse your Lordship nothing. I should be glad your Lordship would agree for a sure pension to me with the Treasurer, so I give down two or three hundred pounds. Your Lordship do in this as you please. I pray you, my Lord, let me hear from you. The Lord of Heaven and Earth be with you, and bless, direct, and protect you, is the prayer of

"Your most affectionate Cousin

"and humble servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES."

"Pray, my Lord, forgive the writ of this; for the whole grammar-school almost was in the hall, that I knew hardly for their noise what I was writing."

The predominant feeling in this letter is evidently a sense of pain at having received no communication from Lauderdale, a suspicion of neglect which to a heart like hers, "overmuch affectionate to her friend," as Baxter describes it, was peculiarly painful. Lauderdale, engrossed with laborious and constant work as Secretary of State for Scotland, had in fact but little time for private correspondence; but he replied kindly; and the next letter in the series expressed her regret for the momentary impatience; but the distance between them began from this time to widen morally as well as physically through absence; and it ended, I fear, at last, though not for some years, in a confirmed estrangement.

"Balcarres, 11th of April.

"My dear Lord,

"Yours did most exceedingly satisfy me. How unfortunate soever I may appear to myself in many things, yet I shall never think I am really so so long as God Almighty gives me my best friends, and

that they are well and not changed to me. I bless God, my heart tells me it is not guilty of any breach to them; but merely melancholy makes me so. However in my last I see it's made me mightily transgress. I confess it is no wondering if a great temper be displeased when their friends they upon all occasions does oblige does ever call in question their good will, when inability is only in the fault. If ever I have said anything like this, it's my want of words to express my mind has been the cause of it; for sure I never had the least thought of it; only, as I said before, I confess my melancholy made me a little jealous you had a little forgot me; but, pray, my dear Lord, forgive me all my faults and I shall easily forgive you all yours I did quarrel with you for, so you will let me hear but once a month from you, were it but three words, not a full line—'I am well and as you wish me.' I pray the Lord bless, direct, and have a care of you; for so wishes she with all her heart, who is, my dear Lord,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES.

"I sent the physician's paper* once to your Lordship already, which you desire. I have sent to him for another; if it come in time, I shall enclose it here; if it come not, my Lady Rothes will convey it to your Lordship. Pray, my Lord, present my kindest respects to my Lady, and my Lady Mary, and Lady Lorn."

It is in these letters to Lauderdale that we find the principal materials for the Countess Anna's history during the years immediately succeeding the Restoration. The next in the series may be passed over briefly,—it was written on the report reaching her of "my dear Lord Crawford's" probable resignation of the Treasurership through the cabals of his enemies, and in which she makes amends for her previous discontent with him,—the parenthesis, "I see he remembers my dearest with great kindness," suggesting the keynote of her returning affection; while she also says that "he has been and is my most kind friend." But a letter to the King, dated the 16th November, and another to Lauderdale, enclosing it, are worth insertion, both as eminently characteristic of the writer and as carrying on her story. It seems that some time previously the King had promised her the value of the fine imposed on Sir

* The report respecting her son Earl Charles's illness.

James Macdonald's estate, to which and to the punctual payment of her pension she looked forward as the means of diminishing debt and preserving her son's patrimony of Balcarres. She wrote to the King thus :—

"Balcarres, the 16th of November.

"May it please your Majesty,

"When I represent your Majesty, after so marvellous a restoration, sitting upon the throne in peace, I cannot but with joy render thanks to God, who hath let my eyes see what I begged from Him for your Majesty when your enemies bore down all before them ; so I crave leave of your Majesty once more from my solitude to express to your Royal self my fresh resentment thereof, and so much the rather because your Majesty's favour to me hath been so great ; for no sooner did your Majesty enjoy your own but your royal bounty did show itself towards me and the children of your faithful, loyal, constant servant, now in glory, by which you did manifest what your Majesty would have done to himself if he had survived the troubles. Your Majesty did settle on me and my sons a pension of a thousand pounds out of the Exchequer of Scotland, and did graciously promise to me, in place of Sir James Macdonald's fine, the value of it ; which, as they witness your princely bounty and favour to the memory of your dead servant, and lay strong obligations of duty and gratitude upon a desolate widow and her fatherless children, so they do embolden me in all humility to inform your Majesty of the bad payment of the money, not through the fault of your Majesty's Treasurers, my friends, but the exhausting of the Treasury otherways ; and if your Majesty would be pleased, in your time and way, compassionately to remember . . . without which this poor family and estate cannot be preserved from sinking, the particulars of my petition and request I have desired the Earl of Lauderdale to declare unto your Majesty,—being well assured that I cannot but be happy if your Majesty knew but my condition and the remedy of it—who is the only woman of my nation did run through the world after your Majesty,—and, I may say, out of mere duty and love to your person we did it.

"May it please your Majesty to pardon and excuse this my poor address, and I shall not cease, according to my duty, to pray for all blessings of Heaven and Earth upon your Majesty.

"May it please your Majesty,

"Your Majesty's most humble, most obedient,
most dutiful, most affectionate subject
and servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES."

The letter to Lauderdale here follows—the date, as I mentioned, is the same with that of the preceding letter :—

"My Lord,

"According to your advice I have written to His Majesty in general of my condition, having left the particulars to be by your Lordship represented to him, which are, if you would please to desire his Majesty out of the fines to grant me the value of Sir James Macdonald's fine, which was £5000, which he promised me, without which your Lordship knows what a deplorable condition this estate and family is in; and that, for the better payment of my pension, you would desire his Majesty to let it be either drawn upon the excise, or some locality appointed me; but, if none of this be feasible, that his Majesty would write a letter to the Exchequer according to your own effectual wording of it, that it may be surely paid. Some makes me believe that, if your Lordship do not somewhat to secure me, it will be but little worth. I confess I listened to what they said with the more dread that, when you was in Scotland, I could not prevail, at my earnest desire, to get £70 when I was in so great a strait as it forced me to leave all my writs here and there, as we say, for want of money, and yet is not able to relieve them. . . Most of this year's rent I was forced to spend. I have not [wherewith] to pay . . my servant's wages, nor my house I had at St. Andrews, nor to keep my son there.

"My Lord, I will say no more, knowing the way you will take will be that you think most for my advantage, according to the entire confidence I have in your love and kindness to, my Lord,

Your most affectionate Cousin

"and humble servant,

"Anne Balcarres."

"Pray, my dear Lord, present my most humble service to my Lady, and my Lady Mary. I have not had a word from my Lord Treasurer since I saw you. I pray, my Lord, seal this" (*i.e.* the enclosed letter) "with a common seal,—none of your known inscriptions."

It appears from this letter that Lady Balcarres had been living at St. Andrews for the education of her son, Earl Colin. Her allusion to him would seem to have struck a kindly chord in Lauderdale's heart, for about two months afterwards he sent him his first sword as a kinsman's gift, which Colin acknowledged in a few lines, written in his schoolboy's hand, still extant amongst the grave state papers and letters of the Scottish minister, and

which already bear the stamp of the youth's chivalrous character :—

Balcarres, 23d Jan. 1664.

"My Lord,

"I have with no small contentment girded your Lordship's present to my side, and shall use it in my Sovereign's and your service; for, if by his Royal bounty and your Lordship's endeavours it be not prevented, the law will not suffer me so to employ it in the defence of any such thing which I might call an inheritance. I do therefore with thankfulness embrace your sword as an addition to your former favours and an earnest of your future care of, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most humble and obliged servant,

"BALCARRES."

But Lady Balcarres's appeal produced more than the mere gift in question; for a royal mandate was issued on the 13th February 1664, addressed to the Treasurer Rothes (now the successor to his father-in-law, Crawford-Lindsay), directing that Lady Balcarres's and other pensions (payment of which had hitherto, it is stated, been restricted to one half only of what was due) should henceforward be paid "completely,"—and I have no doubt therefore that she received a present supply, although payment in full was still delayed, as it will appear, for at least two years more, the Exchequer being still in a most exhausted condition.

A letter addressed by the Countess Anna about this time, "A Madame, Madame Henderson," the wife, but then the widow, of another of the Fordell family of which I have spoken previously, reflects, if I mistake not, the influence of the cheering intervention just mentioned :—

"Balcarres, the 28 of March, old style [1664].

"Dear Madam,

"I have received the favour of yours with no small satisfaction, since it brought me the good news of your being in health, and your sweet child. I pray God continue it. Dear Madam, I am so exceeding obliged to you for all your civilities, favours, and kindness that I know not which way to begin to express my resentment of them, that you have been at such pains for me, and sent me all things in such order. Oh! how happy should I think myself if I or any of my rela-

tions could serve or be useful to your Ladyship! If you think we could, you have no more to do but to let me receive your commands, and I shall do about them with the greatest joy and willingness imaginable, for I should think it a blessing to be useful to you. It is a great addition to my many obligations to you, Madam, that you are so sensibly concerned for the loss of my dear child,—had I thought your Ladyship had been at the Hague, I had let you know of the great loss I have sustained of so excellent, so wise, so pious a child. I ought not to complain, but to bless my blessed Maker and Redeemer that made me the mother of a saint He fitted for glory before He took him there. He that's good and does good does all well He does to me and mine; He takes them from misery to be blessed and for ever with Himself.

"I am exceeding sorry to hear you have a load above a burden, not only the loss of a kind husband but to be left in so bad a condition. Blessed be our God, that has forewarned us that we are through many tribulations to enter heaven; and it's a covenanted blessing, suffering, for it's given us not only to believe but also to suffer. You know I am not ignorant what the heart and state of a widow is, being as much so as ever any was. I strive to encourage myself in God, who is the God of the widow and the fatherless, and who has said enough to make them rest upon his care, who is God over all, but rich to all that call upon him. He taketh pleasure in them that fear him and trusts in his mercy.

"Madam, I have received my beds and books, and also what you was at the pains to pay for me. The three porcelain pots I like very well; they come safe. So did the other twenty pots, but they were all empty. I had some hopes your Ladyship should have procured some flowers from Madame Sommerdyck, and those that had gardens. I was so liberal when I had abundance, makes me have the fewer now. If there be any of the little money left your Ladyship did me the favour to cause buy these things with, bestow it all upon some plain cold gilded leather,—those kind that were plain, as I remember, was not so dear as the wrought leather; they were 28st the piece. I know, if you have any money, it will buy but few.

"Dear Madam, fail not in your promise to send me Monsieur Henderson and your picture, if you have them by you. I am sorry to put you to expence for me, though I desire them as much as I can do anything. Coronell Henderson told he had spoke to his sister, Madame Stencalven for her picture to me, and told her that I desired it, and he said she promised to send it to him to send me. I pray you, Madam, write to her of it, that I still make it my desire, and shall think it a great favour if she will send it me. She had let them have it that has not such relation to her as this family has.

"I saw all my friends in Kellie; they are all very well, I thank God;

and my good Lady is the best woman in the world; she is so sweet an humour that we think ourselves happy in her; and my Lord and she loves other so much that they are both wonderful happy in other.

"It's time now I should make an end, so will say no more but entreat you to believe I am unalterably, Dear Madam,

"Your Ladyship's affectionate Cousin and humble servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES.

"Pray, Madam, do me the favour to present my kind respects to Madame de Sommerdyck and her daughter, the Countess of Kincardine. I wonder I have not heard from none of them. If Madame Sommerdyck will not let me have my pictures, I shall think she thinks me not worth so great a favour. My blessing to your sweet child!"

During the eleven months succeeding the date of this letter matters remained much as they had done previously; but a letter from the Treasurer Rothes to Lauderdale, of the last of February 1665, gives intimation of an advance towards a settlement of the long-pending Seaforth claims:—"For news," he says, "my Lady Balcarres and my Lord Seaforth are agreed, and I think, in all, better secured than ever." But, as I have already stated, it was some time yet before the final settlement took place. Part of the arrangement then made appears to have been that such share of the fines levied upon the Cromwellite offenders as might fall to Seaforth should be assigned by him to Lady Balcarres.

Meanwhile considerably more than a twelvemonth had run on, and the Countess Anna's heart began again to hunger for some communication from her husband's and her own friend and kinsman of other days; and she sat down accordingly, at Balcarres, on the 11th of April, to endeavour to elicit some little token of remembrance. She wrote as follows:—

"My dear Lord,

"I did once in my life scarce suppose, if living where within five days I might hear from you, that two years should run on without receiving a line from you. This your silence I am loath to impute to forgetfulness, unkindness, or any bad impression of me others have endeavoured to put upon you, but rather to your owning me as one of

your own, and to the multitude and greatness of your affairs, and your being unwilling, as some others has informed me, to write till some considerable business for me by your means had been done. My dear Lord, as I incline not to rash jealousy of my friends in general, so far less of you in particular, whom my dear Lord did, and I still, love so much, and who hath showed so much [love] to us. It's true I have often longed to have heard from you, and would gladly have accepted the least line from you, that I might have satisfied my own fear of a change in your affection, and assured others who have marvelled at your seeming not-remembrance of me. But it shall be far from me to have so unworthy a thought of you, as if you had forgot the widow and fatherless in their affliction, being all the pledges your dear Gossip has left behind him in this world. Therefore I have given way to my affection at this time, once more to solicit you, not so much in behalf of mine and my son's affairs (now being, in appearance, the critical time of the mending of his low condition), as to draw from your Lordship some small epistle as a token of your unchanged love and remembrance. I had written to you on the death of your sweet nephew, as I did to my Lady; but the consciousness of my own inability and the knowledge I have of you made me forbear,—having also during his sickness discharged that duty of a cousin.* More I will not add, but to assure your Lordship of my unalterable love to you (though little worth) and my daily prayer for you, as becometh, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most affectionate Cousin
"and most humble servant,
"ANNE BALCARRES."

Neither this, however, nor two other letters written later in the year received any reply. I shall subjoin them without further remark :—

"Balcarres, the 3d of July.

"My Lord,

"I hear by one that is come from London that there is a list made [of those] that has a share in the fines and that my cousin Seaforth and I is only put out. I confess it was bad news to me, whose heart, alas! it too much pressed with a heavy burden of my poor fatherless children and most dreadful covetous creditors. Though I had great hopes of his Majesty's bounty to me, and now am made

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* The nephew here referred to was the young Laird of Lundin (now Lundie), younger son of Lauderdale's brother, Robert Maitland, by the heiress of the Lundins of that ilk, in Fifeshire. He died in 1664.

believe I only am left out, I shall say nothing. Lord God Almighty bless him, and keep him in life and health, and prosper all his affairs! Whatever I suffered for him was but my duty. I repent it not. I wish this family was as able to serve him as at first. We want not good will. Nor can I think, when I remember what I know his Majesty [to be], but that he will still retain his wonted goodness to me, and do somewhat for me, now when I so much need it. My Lord, I do verily believe your Lordship did all you could for me. I pray that good God reward you, that I doubt not will pity and provide for me, as He has done all my life, and in strange countries when I knew not where to get bread next day. I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's affectionate and humble servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES.

"My children are well, I bless God; they are all your servants. Sophia is at Edinburgh, with my Lady Rothes. I would take it for an inestimable favour to hear from your Lordship."

The second letter is dated on the 9th of August.

"My Lord,

"I have a long time forborn to trouble your Lordship by letter, knowing your many employments, and hoping that you would not for that less remember me and my dear Lord's family; but now, being informed that after this Convention, and the new taxation thereby imposed, that the fines are to be distributed, and that my Lord Commissioner has written to Court about my pension, and has likewise promised to do as to the fines, it is my earnest desire that as your Lordship . . . and care for me and my fatherless children, that you would speak to his Majesty for us, that I may have a new precept for my pension and at least a proportional share of the fines—if not according to the full of what his Majesty promised, yet as much as may rid me out of my present many sad processes under which I lie through endeavouring the good of his posterity who said at his death your Lordship would have more care of them and me than all the world beside, if you had it in your power. My present earnestness and importunity I hope you will pardon, seeing it proceeds from a sense of my mean condition and this distressed family, and a fear lest the many other claims of a share of such a small sum as they say the fines amounts to jostle me out, unless your Lordship effectually interpose. I cannot say but that the Commissioner is very civil to me, and promises to Mr. Drummond (that's been with him) to interest himself in my concerns. My Lord, it is in your love and kindness I confide; and I have raised my hopes that at length I shall receive something by your means that will witness you as still mindful of the dead and kind

unto the living. The Lord be with you, and preserve you, wherever you are. My Lord,

"Your Lordship's affectionate humble servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES."

"Your Lordship, I believe, remembers that Seaforth spoke to you for a share of the fines. It is like he may be forgot and put off, to have somewhat out of somewhat else from his Majesty. All I shall say is, that I have it under his hand, with witnesses, that what he gets of the fines I shall have it; but if he get never so much that has any other name, I shall not get a farthing. I know it was your Lordship's kindness to me that made you promise to him, and if your Lordship should get him anything, it would be a great obligation lying upon him to your Lordship, though mine would be more. For God's sake mind this poor child, and think you see his mother and him sinking, and crying out, and struggling for life and help!"

Still, however, there came no answer from Lauderdale; and Lady Balcarres began to think that evil tongues had been at work in misrepresenting her towards her early friend. She wrote therefore once more to him in October. Wounded affection and indignant pride speak in every line of her letter; but the mother's love and yearning for her children's welfare overpowered every other consideration; and, I am happy to say, the spell of her strong passion broke down for a time the barrier of silence that had grown up between herself and him:—

"Balcarres, 9th October.

"My Lord,

"The day was, it was a satisfaction to me to write to the Earl of Lauderdale, because he was pleased sometimes to say it was so to him; but now, your Lordship interesting yourself so little for me and mine as not so much as to see your hand-writ in three years, nor to find any way that you mind us, I cannot but fear my friendship has become a burden, and so, I confess, it is with some pain I give you this trouble. I have been often going to ask your Lordship if ever I did in the least offend you or did anything unworthy of the friendship you once was pleased to allow me. If I have, I shall say I justly deserve to suffer what I do by your coldly interesting yourself for me; but, my Lord, I can take Him to witness that is in heaven, and that's to be my judge, that I have ever borne that constancy of affection to you I ought to have done, and has not in the least wronged you, nor

has there been the least diminution of my concernment for your happiness, esteem, and welfare—notwithstanding I could not keep myself from being jealous of your kindness to me. I shall never let it enter into my heart—if it is your want of virtue to forget your dead friend that was so concerned for you and your family, or that you fear to own his interest—if that once entered in my heart, I could not think so worthily of you as now I do. No, I lay it all upon myself, who, though I deserve not coldness from you, yet does it more than the friend that is in heaven.

"My Lord, if any has tattled ill of me, as there is abundance such to do good offices among friends, I pray let me know, and if I satisfy you not, punish me if guilty,—but what has these poor lambs done, my Lord Balcarres' children, who are looked upon by all as helpless and friendless? I shall crave your pardon; but, whatever you do, I shall ever love you, pray for you, wish you well. Though I have said that may be misunderstood, as if I thought nothing of what you have done—no, my Lord, I remember it often, and [am] not so base as to be ingrate. There is some things that makes me appear unfortunate, but there is nothing in my eyes makes me appear so but that my Lord Balcarres' children are unfortunate. I may say in that I am unhappy, but were it not for them, I thank God, no singular frown of the greatest upon earth could make me esteem myself so, because I trust and rely in a good God, that has cared for me and fed me all my life, and will be my purveyor for ever.

"My Lord, I desire you, among the rest of my faults, to forgive the length of this; for I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most affectionate humble servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES."

Enclosed with this letter, or sent more probably by the same messenger, Earl Colin, his mother's little champion of thirteen, addressed a few lines to Lauderdale, which could not, I think, have been read without sympathy:—

"Oct. 9th, 1665.

"My Lord,

"I know I have no merit of my own to make your Lordship do anything for me, so it must be merely your goodness must make you have any care for me. I know, were I a man, I must take my sword in my hand, ane beggar; but that troubles me not so much as the trouble I see my mother in for me. If your Lordship will be pleased to be so good to remember me to the King's Majesty, who, I hear, promised my mother somewhat, which, if she get it, I will look upon as given to me. If God make me a man worthy to serve your Lord-

ship, you shall find me dedicate myself to your service, next to that of my prince. I am more ways than one obliged to be, my Lord,

"Your most humble servant,

"BALCARRES."

The result of Lady Balcarres's letter was, I suspect, a severe, but I trust not an unkindly scold, from Lauderdale, delayed indeed for some months, and to which she replied on the 19th of March 1666, enclosing a letter to the King, written at Lauderdale's request, as a memorial of her claims. It appears from her letter to Lauderdale that Seaforth had obtained his share of the fines; but how that part of the arrangements between them terminated I do not know. To King Charles she wrote as follows:—

"Balcarres, the 2nd of March.

"May it please your Majesty,

"I have had such large and frequent testimonies of your Majesty's gracious condescension and favour towards me at all times, I am encouraged at this time, amidst your Majesty's great affairs, humbly to make known to your Majesty my own and the distressed condition of this family. It is true, and I do humbly acknowledge, your Majesty, in consideration of our condition, was pleased to grant me an yearly pension, but of that I have still owing me £4000; and your Majesty did likewise promise to me, and I suppose to my Lord Chancellor of England, who was pleased to speak to your Majesty for me, that I should have the value of Sir James Macdonald's fine, which was £5000, towards the repairing of this ruined estate, occasioned by the great debt lying thereon, contracted by my husband in carrying on of your Majesty's service, as my Lord Secretary can more particularly inform. Hitherto I have rested in great confidence of your Majesty's goodness and bounty, but now, being informed by some here that your Majesty is disposing the fines, I hope your Majesty will pardon me if I offer also humbly to supplicate for so much of them as your royal bounty will bestow and the sad and necessitous condition of this family calls for; that thereby your Majesty's goodness to those who have willingly, and out of love to your person only, have suffered for you may be extolled, and my poor son in time enabled to serve your Majesty, and myself further engaged to give you a widow's blessing. I humbly entreat your Majesty, when you read this, to think you see me lying at your feet, beseeking [you] to have pity on me and my fatherless children, who can go to none to help us from perishing but your Majesty, who is my King, from whom I expect all that's good. The great God will, I hope, reward your Majesty a thousandfold for

what you do for me. That He may bless your Majesty, preserve your person, prosper all you take in hand, is the subject of the constant, daily, and earnest prayer of,

"May it please your Majesty,

"Your Majesty's most affectionate, most faithful, and most humble and obedient subject and servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES."

The letter to Lauderdale goes more into particulars, and will, I think, like the preceding, be found of interest. The "late mortality" alluded to is the Great Plague of London.

"Balcarres, the 19th of March.

"My dear Lord,

"Seeing your goodness has passed over what I vented in an embittered passion, I shall not insist in making apologies. He that is the searcher of all hearts knows what love my heart hath borne to you, far beyond all the kindred I had in the world, and how concerned I ever was for you, and (the Lord forgive me!) a disliker of all those was not your friends, as if they had been my greatest enemies. As I am convinced of my being, I am also that there is no decay at the root of your affection to me, though it seems there are obstructions that I did not imagine that hinder it from yielding that fruit this poor family stand most in need of; but I wish and trust that, as hitherto you have been shielded against violence, so you still have the favourable influence of his Majesty to the good of your country and friends.

"My Lord, I am most sensible of this your advice, and therefore hath written the enclosed for his Majesty, which if it please you, I know you will make the best use of it you can; and because I have endeavoured to be short, I have made bold to refer some particulars to your Lordship's information, which are—I have not yet got of five year and more above one year of my pension, so that the Exchequer is indebted to me £4000 and upwards. My son's debts are so great that his annual-rents exhausts all his estate, and this year it will not pay the half of them. I have, with paying what my Lord owed abroad, and engaging myself to some of my son's creditors, to see if I could get anything left to him. But I see this estate will ruin unless I get something considerable from his Majesty for its relief, and my pension now duly paid me. Your Lordship remembers it was the value of Sir James Macdonald's fine which the King promised to Middleton that [he would] give me, and after to the Chancellor of England; and because his daughter the Duchess* was then instrumental with

* Anne, Duchess of York.

her father to speak to his Majesty, I have at this time written to her also. If, after your reading it, your Lordship judge it fit to cause Mr. Erskine or Sir Alexander Home deliver it, or by whom your Lordship pleases. I believe Mr. Erskine, if he get it, will pray the Duchess of Monmouth to give it. Your Lordship will think by this I am now a mere stranger to your Court. I would not willingly, by seeming to slight the Chancellor, give him occasion to oppose my desires; for, I suppose by what your Lordship wrote of my Lord Newburgh, the King will speak to him before he grant them,—but this only if it needs, and may not reflect on your Lordship, for I had rather than fall into such an error run my hazard. Thus I deal fairly, and expect you will likeways do in this case; for, as I said before, I am now such a stranger to Court, that I know not how to make my addresses right. This trouble I know your Lordship will accept. I do leave the success to Him in whose hands the hearts of kings are, and whose providence reacheth to the smallest things. If there be anything your Lordship would have mended in mine to the King, let me know and I shall write a new letter, unless there be haste required. I thank the Lord God that yourself, and Lady, and my Lady Mary and family have been preserved in the late mortality. That you may be kept from it and from all trouble is among the most earnest and hearty wishes of, my dear Lord,

"Your Lordship's most affectionate servant,

"ANNE BALCARRES.

"My Lord, the enclosed paper, being the Earl of Seaforth's grant of his share of the fines to my son's behalf, at my Cummer's desire, I send it to your Lordship. It being the original, I know your Lordship will make use of it to our advantage."

The relief so long expected came at last, not long (I believe) after this communication; but with the present letter the correspondence between the Countess Anna and Lauderdale may be said to have ceased, at least on their old familiar footing of dear cousins and friends. Only one more letter of hers is preserved among the Lauderdale papers, written four years afterwards and belonging to a later stage in her history. Friendship can hardly survive protracted periods of silence and the shocks of expostulation, retort, and apology, such as we have just been privy to. It must be for the reader to judge, indeed, whether I should have inserted even so much of this correspondence

as I have here preserved. But to myself at least, and I believe to most men, there is a deep dramatic interest in the history of a human friendship, scarcely, if at all, inferior to that attaching to the old familiar tale of true love. The spectacle is, in fact, of much rarer occurrence, for love, in the ordinary sense of the word, is the daily bread, the life and salt of humanity; but friendship, as conceived of and realised in its loftiest aspect, belongs rather to the selecter and finer spirits of creation. And as friendship is more ethereal in its essence than the love of the sexes, so is it more susceptible, irritable, and evanescent. It is for this reason that the examples of lofty and heroic friendship have been such favourites with the more generous portion of mankind from the times of the Greeks downwards. It was friendship, pure from every earthly stain, which subsisted between Our Blessed Saviour and the beloved disciple St. John. Friendship subsisted, as a bond of divine strength, between the knights of the times of chivalry; it shone, like light reflected from a burnished shield, from the hearts of many of their successors in the sixteenth century; and in the seventeenth, between the sufferers for the Stuarts, male and female, tied to each other by the remembrance of common sufferings in a common cause, friendship was a bond of closest union; while between the sufferers and their Sovereign the self-same sentiment prevailed, investing the obligation of loyalty with the warmth of personal affection—which Charles II. in particular, always mindful of the companions of his early and struggling years, cordially reciprocated. No one, as we shall find, appreciated the duties and the rights of a faithful friendship more justly and keenly than Lady Balcarres—that "woman of very strong love and friendship," as Baxter qualifies her. Lord Balcarres and herself, Sir Robert Moray, Lord Kincardine, Crawford-Lindsay, Rothes, and Lauderdale, formed a band of friends, akin to each other doubtless in blood, but more closely allied through sym-

pathy than relationship; and a warmth and freedom of intercourse subsisted between them, and indeed between themselves and the King, of which ample proof could be given. Lauderdale, after the Restoration, was the common centre and point of union of the survivors—Balcarres and Lauderdale had each been the other's dearest friend in youth—and the Countess Anna's jealousy for a friendship to which she had thus a double and indeed hereditary claim was not unnatural. Possibly she may have been too exacting—I do not think so; but her own words form her best apology. Their friendship was in its course like that of a noble stream, formed by the confluence of two fair rivers flowing on side by side within the same channel, but preserving their independence, commingling and yet not commingled,—their course and charity such that the spectator, beholding it, thought to see them peacefully discharge themselves through a common outlet into the ocean; but, instead of this, a stage of stagnancy and indifference arrested them when it was least to be looked for—the "cataracts and breaks" of "humour" upheaved a ridge of misconception, unseen on the surface of the waters, but which, gradually increasing, determined their separation; and in the result they parted overtly, the two streams, the two friends, reaching the goal by different channels, if not in hostility, at least in alienation. It is one more version of an old story, and the experience of many hearts in the decline of life will witness to its undying novelty and interest. But Lauderdale's kindness never (I should add) waned towards the young kinsman, to whom as a boy he had presented his first sword, Earl Colin; and it will be felt, I think, that among many circumstances which will probably induce the world to think better of him ultimately than the report of current history would warrant, the strong affection and confidence with which he inspired such a woman as Lady Balcarres may be reckoned as furnishing a very strong presumption in his favour.

A comparative calm of some years now followed, the first indeed of any duration that Lady Balcarres had enjoyed since her marriage,—and it had been reserved for her widowhood. She continued to reside with her children at Balcarres, superintending their education, gradually redeeming the estate, and realising more and more, as her circumstances improved, the character of the "virtuous woman" whose "price is far above rubies," of the Book of Proverbs,—a character which few can exhibit so literally now-a-days, in our less simple state of society. During these years she devoted herself to the task of buying up and extinguishing the incumbrances upon the estate of Balcarres by the help of her augmented income and a careful but not penurious economy; and this she to a considerable extent effected. No one knew better than she did that economy is, with the large-hearted, the mother of liberality; and thus—her days of wandering and humiliation over—she went on through life like a beneficent Ceres, bestowing gifts to the right and left, out of small means but with a royal hand, on all who had claims upon her, delighting in doing good. It was not however till 1669 that her long-deferred rights, her provision from the Seaforth inheritance as bequeathed to her by her father, were finally accorded and made payable to her son Earl Colin. By arrangements then entered into, and on the consideration of 5000 marks paid down at once, Earl Colin, under his mother's tutory and direction, agreed to surrender his father's acquired rights over the estate of Seaforth on the security of a series of bonds by which the chieftains of the Mackenzies, Lord Tarbat, the Lairds of Suddie, Reidcastle, Applecross, Gareloch, Coull, Hilton, Assynt, and others, together with Sir John Urquhart of Cromarty, made themselves responsible for the payment by instalments of sums of money amounting to above 80,000 marks, in liquidation of his claims. A long course of anxiety was thus brought to a happy determination.

The years thus briefly characterised were, I doubt not, among the happiest, as they certainly were the most tranquil, the Countess Anna had enjoyed since her early youth. There is an inexpressible charm in the monotony of life, when the family circle is gathered together in peace and harmony, after long battling with the winds and waves of fortune,—it is then that a "dinner of herbs" is felt to be far pleasanter than the banquets of kings. But the time arrives in every household when this happy monotony must be interrupted,—when the nestlings that have reached maturity take flight into the greater world, and the parent birds (there was, alas! but one in this case) are left to mourn. It was either in 1669 or 1670 that the Countess Anna's surviving son Colin —Earl of Balcarres since his brother's death—the little man whose childish letters have already interested us—attained the age of sixteen years; and she sent him up to London to pay his duty to the King. He took up his residence with his uncle Sir Robert Moray, and was presented to the King by Lauderdale. He was very handsome and personally like his father; Charles was pleased with his countenance, said "he had loved his father and would be a father to him himself," and, as an earnest of his favour, gave him the command of a select troop of horse, composed of one hundred loyal gentlemen who had been reduced to poverty during the recent troubles, and who had half-a-crown a day as their military pay.

A few days after his introduction at court, Colin fell dangerously ill of a fever; when, to the surprise and satisfaction of Sir Robert and ultimately of the young sufferer himself, messengers arrived almost hourly at Sir Robert's house to make inquiries after Colin's health on behalf of a young Dutch lady, Mademoiselle Mauritia de Nassau, then residing with her elder sister Lady Arlington, wife of the prime minister. These ladies, with a third sister Isabella, wife of the gallant Earl of Ossory, were daughters of Louis Count of Beverwaert and Auverquerque, in Holland, by

Elizabeth Countess of Horn. The young Mauritia had been present at Colin's first presentation at court, "and it seems," to use his grandson's words, "he was agreeable to her." On his recovery Sir Robert sent him to pay his acknowledgments and respects to the young lady, and ere long the day was fixed for their marriage. The Prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third, Lady Balcarres's *quondam* charge in 1659, and who was now, like the youthful bridegroom, just sixteen, presented his fair kinswoman with a pair of magnificent emerald earrings on this joyful occasion as his wedding-gift. Everything having been arranged, the day of espousals arrived, the wedding party were assembled in the church, and the bride was ready for the altar; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared. He was but a boy after all, and the match had been made up, so far as he was concerned, as an affair of *convenance* or arrangement; he had forgotten or miscalculated the day of his marriage, and was discovered in his nightgown and slippers, quietly eating his breakfast. Thus far the tale is told with a smile on the lip, but many a tear was shed at the conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his *escritoire;* a friend in the company gave him one; he put his hand behind his back to receive it; the ceremony went on, and, without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his fair young bride,—it was a mourning ring, with the mort-head and crossed bones, the emblems of mortality; on perceiving it at the close of the ceremony she fainted away, and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind that, on recovering, she declared she should die within the year, and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled. She died in childbed less than a twelvemonth afterwards.

The only surviving relic of this union—"too unadvised, too sudden," as it truly was—is the following letter, written in French, and which was addressed by the ill-fated Mauritia to her husband's mother soon after the nuptials, in return

for a kind letter which the Countess Anna had written to her on the occasion :—

"Madam,

"I know not in what terms to render you my very humble thanks for your goodness in writing me so obliging a letter. I assure you, Madam, that I am grateful for it as I ought to be, and that my Lord Balcarres could not have espoused any one who would endeavour more than I will do to seek out occasions for meriting your friendship, and whereby to testify to you in every manner of opportunity that amount of respect and submission with which I am, Madam,

"Your very humble and obedient daughter and servant,

"MAURISCE DE BALCARRES." *

Mauritia, I may add, had a dowry of sixteen thousand pounds, part of which her husband contributed (as I have stated in a former page) to the payment of a portion of the debt incurred by his father during the late Civil War.

From this time forward Earl Colin's fortunes ran their separate course, in a channel apart from that of his mother and his sisters, although they warmly loved each other through life. He was launched on the world, and is henceforward, properly speaking, as the writers of the old Sagas would say, "out of the story," except in so far as he comes into contact from time to time with the proper subject of it, his mother. I will only therefore repeat that Charles II. continued till his death to take a warm interest in "Colin," as he always called him, various instances of which are given in the "Lives of the Lindsays," while similar kindness was shown him by Charles' successor James II. His friendship

* "Madame,

"Je ne sçais en quels termes vous rendre très humbles graces de la bonté que vous avez eu de m'écrire une lettre si obligeante. Je vous assure, Madame, que j'en ai la reconnaissance que je dois, et que Milord Balcarres n'aurait pu épouser une personne qui tachera plus que je ferai à chercher les occasions de mériter votre amitié et à vous témoigner en toute sorte de rencontre avec combien de respect et de soumission je suis,

"Madame,

"Votre très humble et obéissante fille et servante,

"MAURISCE DE BALCARRES."

with William Prince of Orange likewise continued till the Revolution, when in an interview with William on the arrival of the latter in London, he told him that, with all his good will for himself personally, he could not forsake one who, in spite of many errors, had been "a kind master to him." When James II. fled to France, he left Colin in charge of his civil, and Dundee, or Claverhouse, of his military affairs in Scotland. Dundee fell at Killiecrankie. Colin was imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh and, after his release, followed King James abroad, and remained in exile, at St. Germains and in Holland, for many years. He joined the insurrection in 1715, when an old man, was pardoned afterwards (as I shall have occasion to show) by the interest of the Dukes of Argyll and Marlborough, and died, aged more than seventy years, in 1722.

Of Colin's two sisters, Sophia and Henrietta, whom he quitted, still young girls, when he started for the gay world of London in 1669, I shall speak presently. Their destiny took its colouring from their mother's character and subsequent fortunes. These were about to undergo a change which transplanted them from

"Fair Balcarres' sunward-sloping farms"

and the associations of the eastern coast of Scotland to the romantic shores of Argyllshire and the territories of the Clan Campbell.

I have incidentally mentioned Lord Lorn, the eldest son and successor of the Marquis of Argyll, as a contemporary and friend of Alexander Lord Balcarres, and his and Lady Balcarres' associate in the Highland insurrection of 1653. Restored to his ancestral estate and honours by Charles II. subsequently to his father's execution in 1661, he became a widower in 1668; and two years afterwards, on the 28th of January 1670, Anna of Seaforth, Countess Dowager of Balcarres, became his second wife, her old friend Mr. David Forret performing the marriage ceremony, "without proclamation," by license from Archbishop

Sharpe. . Various causes may have concurred to induce her to lend a favourable ear to Argyll's suit. There were points in his character amply sufficient to warrant warm affection. He was on friendly terms with Lauderdale, Rothes, Sir Robert Moray, and her other relations, and a supporter of the government. Her son's marriage, too, and establishment (as she doubtless anticipated) for life, was probably a strong motive; for Balcarres would henceforward be the home of the young Earl and his bride, and she was too wise not to feel that it is better alike for parents and children that young married people should begin life in absolute independence. She may also have wished to provide her daughters with a friend who might stand to them eventually in the place of their lost father, in times which were already beginning to be troublesome to those whose sympathies were certainly not with Episcopacy. It is true that, as she arranged it, they were to reside with Earl Colin in the first instance; but she doubtless expected that in course of time they would return to her own more natural protection; and so, in fact, it turned out, although sooner and under more sorrowful circumstances than she had looked forward to. I may as well state here, although it is hardly necessary, that she had no children by this second marriage. Argyll had had several by the wife he had lost.

Before taking this important step, the Countess Anna had brought everything connected with the estate of Balcarres and her son's property into exact and careful order, making inventories of the various papers and documents with her own hand, and placing the whole economical details connected with the establishment on a sound and permanent footing, preparatory to making the whole over to him and his bride. She crowned her labour by addressing him, a few months after her marriage, and while there was yet hope of a prolonged and happy life for the ill-fated Mauritia, a long and admirable letter on the various subjects, moral, religious, political, and domestic on which she was anxious

to impart to him (still, as he was, a mere youth, prematurely launched into manhood) the results of her wise experience. I cannot conclude this period in her life more fittingly than by some extracts from this letter, witnessing as it does, not only to the practical good sense which she applied to matters of every-day life, but to her noble appreciation of the great principles of charity and truth which are to be valued as things immortal, pertaining alike to yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

"My dear Son," she begins, "we love our house, or land, or anything was our ancestors' more because it was theirs; so I expect that anything I can say to you will the more affect you because 'tis from your mother that loves you, wishes you well, and desires rather to see you a truly honest and virtuous man, fearing God, than possessor of all the riches the world can give. There are some that have power and riches; much to be pitied are such lovers of pleasures,—they come to that, at last, they are troubled to hear anything that is not serious and which does not flatter them, though their actions merit reproof. But I am resolved neither to praise you, though I wish you may deserve it from others, nor reprove what I think amiss in you; only will give you a motherly and hearty advice.

"Because the interest of the soul is preferable to that of the body, I shall, first, desire you be serious in your religion, worshipping your God, and let your dependence be constantly upon Him for all things; the first step in it is, to believe in God, that He made and upholds the universe in wisdom, in goodness, and in justice,—that we must adore, obey Him, and approve of all He does. The fear of God, says Solomon, is the beginning of knowledge; He is ane buckler to all that walk uprightly. Dedicate some certain time every day for the service of your glorious Maker and Redeemer; in that, take a survey of your life, shorter or longer as the time will permit; thank him for making you what you are, for redeeming you, giving you His word and spirit, and that you live under the gospel,—

for all the faculties of your soul and body, that you was descended of Christian parents,—for your provisions,—for all you have in possession. Read—pray; consider the life and death of your blessed Saviour and Lord, and your heart will be warmed with that love that is beyond expression, that meekness and humility that endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself,—strive to be conform to Him; no fraud, no guile, nor evil-speaking was found with Him, for all the injustice and wicked backbiting He met with; He was kind, doing always good; He forgave, was patient in enduring injuries, was charitable. My dear son, the great work to which we are called is to be partakers of His holy harmless nature; true religion stands in imitating of Him and converse with Him. 'Truly,' says the Apostle John, 'our fellowship is with the Father and the Son.' David says, 'Evening and morning and midday will I pray to Thee.' We have directions and examples in the Holy Word for what we should do; we are told to watch and pray that we be not led into temptations (they are oft most afraid of them that are most resolved and best acquainted to resist them),—to implore His help for supply of grace or strength, or of what we need; and to encourage us to it, He says none shall seek His face in vain. He gives us His holy word that we may daily read out of it divine lessons; it is a lanthorn to our feet to walk cleanly, and sure it is for instruction and direction in righteousness; read often of the life and death of your Saviour; read the books of Psalms, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes,—for other books I would have you read those most that will make you know the Scriptures and your duty; and yourself must make conscience of your duty to your particular relations."

To his prince she inculcates loyalty and reverence, to his country love and protection, reminding him however that public characters are unhappy except in such times when virtue is loved for its own sake. "Strive," says she, "to enrich your mind with virtue, and let it be attended with the golden chain of knowledge, temperance, patience,

godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity,"—possessed of these, "though you were bereft of all the world can give you or take from you, you are justly to be accounted happy."

Friendship she holds up as the choicest earthly blessing, but entreats her son to be wary whom he admits to intimacy. "Nothing delights the heart of any man more than faithful and trusty friendship,—to have one to whom we may safely impart our mind, whose counsels may advise us, whose cheerfulness may qualify our cares, who is free of covetousness and known vice; for where the fear of God is not, and the practice of Christian virtues, that friendship cannot stand long; there is certainly a secret curse on that friendship whereof God is not the foundation and the end. Let not the least jealousy of your faithful friend enter into your mind, but, whatever he do, think it was well intended; in some cases it's better be deceived than distrust."

Yet, "though friendship be the greatest solace of life, it proves not always firm enough to repose the soul absolutely upon. The fixedness of all things here below depends on God, who would have us to fix all our peace and contentment, even this we enjoy in the creatures, on Himself. There is great reason for it. It's much if our friend's judgment, affection, and interest long agree; if there be but a difference in any of these, it doth much to mar all, the one being constrained to love that the other loves not,—one of you may have a friend, whose favour may make great breaches, an Achitophel or a Ziba; our Saviour had those who followed him for interest, that did soon forsake him, and turned his betrayers and enemies. If one of you be calmer nor the other, and allows not all the other does out of humour, this causes mistakes,—as a man is, so is his strength. A virtuous faithful friend, whose ways are ordered by God, who is of a sweet, equal, cheerful humour, not jealous, nor easily made to break the friendship he hath made on good grounds, which is understood to be kindled from heaven, is certainly the greatest jewel on earth. But

if God so dispose of it that your friends, though the nearest relations on earth, change to you, strive to be constant to them, and to overcome all with patience. Let meekness smoothe over all their passions; espouse their interest; pursue them with kindness and serviceableness of all kinds; seek reconciliation on any terms; amend what they think amiss. Let ingenuity be in all your words and actions: put on charity, which is the bond of perfection, which suffereth long, is kind, envieth not; forbear upbraiding or repeating what you have done to oblige them, but look on what you do for your friends and their accepting of it as that wherefore you are most indebted to them; from those you are engaged to in friendship strive to be content with frowns as well as smiles; bear all their infirmities, considering they must bear yours."

Among all friends, to regard his wife as the dearest friend of his bosom—to be chaste and constant to her—and to seek for his chief happiness at home, is earnestly enforced by one who had well known what the happiness of married life is. "Believe it," she says, "no man is happy but he that is so in his own house." She dwells with equal anxiety on his relations with his sisters, which she labours to draw as close as possible. "To be kind to your sisters is not only the earnest desire of your mother, who lodged you all in her womb, but what is far more, it is commanded you by the Spirit of God to add to your faith and virtue 'brotherly kindness.' 'A brother,' saith Solomon, 'is born for adversity.' If it be enjoined us to bear this kindness to all that love God, our Lord and Father, far more are you to bear it to your sisters, who are both lovers of God and your own sisters also. 'A brother loves at all times,' saith Solomon. They have you now for their father; be kind to them as he was, and live as you would have yours to do after you are gone. God, I hope, will requite your brotherly care and kindness with a blessing to you in your own. St. John saith, 'He that loves his brother' (I may say sisters

too) 'lives in light, and there is no occasion of stumbling in him.' Good Abraham said to Lot, 'Let no strife be betwixt thee and me, and thy servants and mine; we are brethren.' Our Saviour he told us, 'A family divided cannot stand,' and saith the Spirit of God, 'How pleasant is it to see brethren to dwell together in unity!' A threefold cord is not easily broken; how pleasant, how easy is it to live in love, and do our duty to all! Their virtue, I hope, will make you love and trust them."

On the subject of children she speaks with a mother's wisdom and love. "When God blesseth you with children, so soon as they can speak, be letting them know of God as much as they are capable. Let none be about them but modest persons, men and women, such as fear God, and will be teaching and giving them good example. Breed them not highly, though not with want of anything in your power that's fit for their birth and quality; but let your greatest expences be on their education; let them look like those that are bred up to be the sons and daughters of the Most High. If your care exceed to one by (beyond) another, let it be on him that by God's bounty is to be your heir, for your family's sake, that he may be like those have been of it already, a good Christian, a scholar, &c. Look over them yourself, and teach them their devotions and morals. 'Tis like I may not see them at this perfection, and you will be ere then far abler to do this than I can dictate to you, yet I let you see my good will and desire, to have you and yours happy for ever. When they are grown up, and go abroad to neighbours' houses, instruct them well how to carry modestly, humbly, and discreetly; and when they come back again to you, ask them neither what they heard nor saw; for that encourages young ones to tattle, to be censorious, scorners and detractors, and even sometimes to lie. If they incline to any of these, crush it in the bud, and be very severe for it,—a liar is worse than a thief. See that they get not leave to do injuries to others,

that they have reverence in Divine worship, that they be not slothful nor idle away their time that is allotted to be busy in. Next to the knowledge of God and their Redeemer, they should know the sinfulness of their natures,—their servants should tell them of the virtues of those that have been before them, that they may do nothing base or unworthy that looks like degenerating from them. What may be said more I leave to your own judgment, precept, and example, for which I pray to the Almighty God to bless you with many and good children, and with virtue and true wisdom, and that they may follow your example, so that you may in the day of the Lord say, 'Here am I, Lord! and the children thou hast given me.'"

She dwells with equal emphasis on the duty of maintaining an orderly and religious household, shunning whisperers and flatterers "that sail with all winds,"—to be kind to his servants in their vigour and careful of them in age and sickness,—to love rather than hate his enemies,—to extend his charity, beyond the external duties of a Christian towards the poor and the afflicted, to the regulation of his opinions with regard to others, questioning his own rather than their judgment, learning of his Saviour to be meek, and remembering that "God was not in the thunder, or the fire but in the calm still voice,"—to be modest in society abroad, —and to look on the careful management of his affairs at home as a duty; these and many other incidental obligations are enforced with affection as earnest and in language as energetic as in the passages already quoted. On the value of silence, for example, except under the constraint of duty, she dwells, strongly recommending him "to speak little" as "that which hath many advantages. Nevertheless I would not have you silent when your conscience dictates to you to speak that which is good and right, especially if you come to be a public person, in Parliament or Council; refrain not, if you see an occasion to do good to your King, your country, or your friend or neighbour,—if what you would say can do no good to either, though never so ex-

pedient or convenient, be silent,—God does not require it, who has given you the use of your discretion. Solomon says, 'There is a time to speak and a time to be silent.' So long as you are young, be ready to hear, speak but little; let that be pertinent and home; observe opportunities, and make use of them. You will have sometimes exercises for your patience; let it appear upon all occasions, as well as your modesty. There is always either honour or shame to those that speak in public." Nor is her advice less practical and valuable on the duties incumbent upon him as a landlord and householder, of making himself thoroughly conversant with his own business :—"My next desire is, that you should know your estate, and your rights to it. I did what I could to order your charter-chest, and you will find inventories of my hand of all; but it cannot be in order till it be in your head; therefore I desire, till it be so, that you take a little time every day when you have leisure for it, or once a week; but, better in my opinion, an hour in the day in a very short time will make you go through and know all. It will make any lawyer or servant more careful. Trust not too many with your writs. When once you have known your estate and your burden (debt), have a rental always at your hand, and a note of your debt, principal and annual, regular and clear, in your pocket; score off your interests first, what they will amount to, and pay them duly,—it is just, and will tend much to your credit; and always reckon what you have behind, and conform your expense to that,—those that do otherways are in direct road to ruin. Lay your accompt to live on the half or third of what you have free, and it is like you will find accidents you think not of will fall out to make you come to an end of your estate before the year end. If your expense be at one time more nor ordinary in your table, hold in your clothes, or such things as are less necessary than your meat and drink. Let your house and servants, &c., look as like your quality as may be, but not profuse or ostensive. Cause your steward or butler keep a weekly book of all that comes in that week, what spent, and

what remains. Let not any servant or other go without a precept" (warrant) "to take up from tenant or any other for anything from you or your wife; and let the precepts come in to instruct their accounts for victual, for money, &c.,—this will be easy to you or her, and for the tenants and servants; be always at the accounts yourself till your lady perfectly understands them,—your sisters know my way."

"You will thus," she says, in summing up her wise argument, "by carrying yourself aright towards God, and man, and your relations, make all that are related to you, or that wish you and your family well, and those that are about you, rejoice; and their satisfaction, I am sure, will be a great addition to your own. The great pleasure of making others happy and seeing them live comfortably by your means will give you a peace and joy beyond any you can have from others, were it either to make you more honourable or rich. This will make you both, leading to the land of uprightness, where there are durable riches.

"Your good grandfather, Lord David," she concludes, "he thought that day misspent he knew not some new thing. He was a very studious and diligent man in his affairs. You that have such a closet (library), such gardens, and so much to do within doors and without, need not think the time tedious nor be idle; it's the hand of the diligent maketh rich. The good man orders his affairs with discretion; it's the diligent that's the only person fit for government; Solomon saith, his thought tends to plenteousness, and he may stand before kings.

"My care hath been great for you and your family, and you may see by this I will be always,

"My dear Son,

"Your kind Mother,

"ANNA ARGYLL."*

* I may observe here that "Anna" is the proper orthography of Lady Anna's Christian name. She so signs herself in her marriage-contract in 1640. While Countess of Balcarres, she wrote her name "Anne," as we have seen; but reverted to "Anna" after her marriage with Argyll.

CHAPTER IV.

It is not my wont to pause in the biographical path and comment on the events recorded; I rather leave them to make their own impression on the reader. But I cannot at this point, and after insertion of the preceding letter, withhold the remarks made upon it by a woman, a friend of my own, to whom I read it. "It is grand," she said, "and how moderate! It is more like a man's writing than a woman's; she had evidently lived more with men than women, and the 'uses of adversity' had not been lost upon her. And yet she shows herself in this letter, as in all she has written, a thorough woman, save that there are none of the sentimentalities, the small-mindednesses, the weaknesses of the common run of women,—she is like Vittoria Colonna, just such a woman as would have been the friend of Michael Angelo. How clear and ringing her words are; how translucent and yet how deep is the stream of her discourse! And why? Because she has learnt to think with precision. Does not this show how much more important it is to do a few things well than many ill? Observe too in this letter how Christianity and familiarity with the Old Testament generate beauty in thought and style. Her quotations from the Bible are seldom literal, but the Scripture had passed into her soul, and she reissues the coin with the legend occasionally varied in its reading, but essentially the same, and the metal unadulterated, just as the Apostles quote the psalms and the prophets. How fine moreover is the philosophy! It is like Seneca's in its simple moral dignity. I doubt," added my friend, "whether any woman in these days could write such a letter." It is on this latter point

only that I dissent from this criticism. If the tenderness of womankind is a constituent element in the character of every noble and brave man, so is the strength and judgment of manhood equally inherent in the nature of the perfect woman—of her whom God hath created to be the "helpmate" of man and a "mother in Israel." It needs only a somewhat sterner mental culture, a more simple existence, and it may be a touch of the sweet "uses of adversity" on a national scale, to produce women, in the present day, worthy of comparison with Anna of Seaforth, Balcarres, and Argyll.

It was at this time, shortly after her second marriage, that, as I before intimated, the Countess Anna once more wrote to Lauderdale. It seems he had taken her marriage with Argyll amiss; and other causes—probably political, as the rule of Presbyterian repression became severer in Scotland—may have contributed to aggravate his dissatisfaction. About four years had elapsed since their last communication. She addresses him in a formal manner, according to his rank as Lord High Commissioner, or Vice-Roy, at the time. Warm affection still survived, but the sense of injustice was strongly felt; and nothing probably but anxiety for her son would have induced the remonstrance :—

"Inverary, the 7th of July, '70.

"May it please your Grace,

"I had written to your Grace ere now had I not heard you intended so soon to be again in Scotland. Did I think what I could say were either acceptable or taken as I intended it, I could soon know what to say when now I am in some strait; yet I shall take courage and venture to say it was, and is, matter of wonder to me to hear you are displeased with me. It has often made me sad, but the most malicious cannot say I resented it otherways. The Lord knows as I am innocent of the cause of it; so I would look on it as no small happiness to have it removed; and I am most ready to submit myself to your Grace as ever. I have done nothing that's dishonourable or unworthy of the happiness of being your kinswoman. Nor have I been unkind to my son's family. If I were as I much desire to be, that is, with your Grace as I have been, I would implore your help for

my son ; for nothing but your withdrawing can do him hurt, and your concerning yourself is that may, next to the blessing of God, do him good. Though I had nothing to consider but the friendship you was once pleased to allow me, it would trouble me to be as I find I am with your Grace ; and I must confess when those I love best in the world are so concerned with me, it heightens it. If to love you and be more concerned for you than all the kindred I had upon earth be a fault, it's that I was guilty of to you ; yet if in anything I have done that which appeared to you a fault (though, upon my faith and honour, I am not conscious to myself I am guilty), I shall be ready to crave you pardon. Outward appearances I find are deceitful guides to our judgment or affections. I must say, they are worthy to be deceived that value things as they seem, especially coming from indifferent or biassed persons. Whoever it is that has been at the pains to change your heart to me, and has said bitter untruths of me, I say, I pray God He may not be to them as He says He would be to Job's friends for speaking the thing was not right of him,—'his wrath was kindled against them!'

"My Lord, had I done you the greatest wrong imaginable, as a Christian, I expect you would forgive it. If my entreaty cannot prevail, to be as you was to me, remember our God who is ready to forgive, and that if we do not forgive, we shall not be forgiven,—and I should think it were hard to refuse when so earnestly sought. He has left it, that died for us, as His express command, and as a badge of being His, to love one another. We must all die, and we know not how soon. Oh! how happy it is for the greatest to be reconciled with God and their fellow-creatures!

"Some says your Grace is also displeased with my Lord,—who, I can say, deserves [it] not from you. It's hard, for his affection to so near a relation of your own, it should be so, he being ignorant of it. I shall beg of your Grace, whatever you are pleased to allow me, that you be to my Lord friendly. You have experience of his love, and [may] believe you are not capable almost to do that he will take ill from the Earl of Lauderdale. If you do not so, your Grace will but please your enemies and displease those wishes you as well as any upon earth does. My Lord is so faithful and excellent a person that I think all should covet his love and friendship. I am sure I could justify this by the testimony of his greatest enemies, would they be so good to themselves as to speak truth ; but the sincerity of his love and respect will, I know, hardly allow him to say to your Grace that which may be looked upon as a compliment. It's most certain that person lives not that honours, loves, and will be more concerned for you, and industrious to serve you.

"Shall I again entreat you that all mistakes may be at an end?

And that you would be pleased to honour my son and me with concerning yourself for him and his affairs? Your Grace was pleased to call his worthy father your dearest friend; I wish he may be his heir to your Grace's kindness and to all his virtues, which were not few.

"I am not insensible of the indiscretion of this letter, being so long, when your Grace has so many and so great affairs in hand; yet I must entreat your Grace to be so just to me as to think I write this, not as one that is so mean as to be humble to a Commissioner—I write it as a Christian, and in the desire to appear in all conditions of my life,

"May it please your Grace,

"Your Grace's most affectionate and humble servant,

"ANNA ARGYLL."

I know not whether this last and touching remonstrance and appeal elicited any respone. I should think not, as no other letters from the Countess exist (as I before mentioned) in the Lauderdale correspondence.

Subsequently to this epistle, and, generally, after the Countess Anna's marriage with Argyll, we come but seldom into what I may call direct personal intercourse with her; I have no more letters to produce from her; it is only once—in vindication, as we shall see, of her long-lost daughter Anna's truthful fame—that her warm heart speaks out with the voice's utterance to our own. But we have many glimpses of her, more or less distinct, through family papers and the histories and memoirs of the time; and these may assist us in tracing the chequered history of her latter days.

Her residence while Argyll's wife was partly at Inverary, the castle of the MacCallummores, then in the beauty of its picturesque antiquity, and partly, and if I mistake not more frequently, at Stirling, in what was then called "the Great Lodging or Manor-place," "lying upon the north side of the High Street," formerly belonging to Adam, Commendator of Cambuskenneth, but which had been acquired by the Argyle family in the earlier part of the seventeenth century—an edifice still existing and known as "Argyll's Lodging," and which has been of late years used as an hospital for the garrison quartered in the castle. This edifice, with its

garden, and another large house and various smaller tenements in the neighbourhood, together with "a high loft and laigh seat within the Kirk of Stirling, just opposite to the pulpit," and an aisle or burial-place belonging to the same property, had been conveyed to Argyll and the Countess, "and the longest liver of them," in 1671, by an arrangement with the Marchioness of Argyll, (the widow of the Marquis who had been executed in 1661), and who thereupon removed to Roseneath. In October 1674 Argyll settled the "Lodging" and the above appendages more formally on the Countess Anna as her jointure-house; and on the 1st June 1680 he made over to her the entire "plenishing," furniture, and movables contained in it, seeing that, "for the great love she bears us," she was content (it is stated) to accept the same in lieu of the more ample provision in that character she would have been entitled to in the event of her surviving him. An inventory, signed by both, was made up on the occasion; and a brief analysis of it may afford an interesting view of the domestic establishment of a great Scottish family in their town-house at that time.

The principal apartments consisted of the "Laigh Hall," —the "High Hall," or "High Dining-room," provided with twelve folding tables and thirty chairs; the "Drawing-room," or "Laigh Drawing-room," furnished with two "very great looking-glasses" and a "chair of state, with purple curtains," or canopy; "my Lord and Lady's chamber;" "my Lady's closet"—what we should now call her boudoir, or sitting-room; the apartments of Lady Jean Campbell, Argyll's daughter, of Lady Sophia Lindsay (her sister Henrietta being then married), and of Lord Lorn, Argyll's eldest son, forming three suites, consisting each of an outer chamber or lobby, a central room, and an inner or smaller closet, Lady Jean's opening on the garden; the "Grey-room," with its closet; the "Wardrobe," apparently a very important room, furnished with massive fir chests containing stores of cloth, hangings, etc. etc., for the most part not made up, with

the "Tailzior's," or "Tailor's-room" adjacent, where the materials were shaped and put together as needed,—while, among offices, we have the "Master of the Household's room," the "Glass-room," devoted to crockery, trenchers, etc. etc.; the "Great Kitchen," provided with two grates, and the "Little Kitchen," with a small one, and all the necessary materials for cookery; the "Pantry;" the "Ale-cellar;" the "Laigh Dining-room," or Servants' hall; and the "Woman-house," apparently a separate wing or building, of two storeys, provided with "stent-trees" or horses for linen, "owl" or "wool-wheels," for spinning wool, "lint-wheels" for flax, and "gairne-roundills," or boards for making oat-cakes—besides the bake-house and the brew-house, the invariable appendages of old Scottish mansions.

Among the "plenishing," or furniture for the rooms, every early stage of invention was represented, from the rude form and humble joint-stool, the first creations of civilisation, to the "black wooden chair," with its seat super-induced of richly-wrought tapestry and "needle-work sublime," fraught to our recollection with

> "the peony spread wide,
> The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
> Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
> And parrots with twin cherries in their beak."

"Wand," or wicker chairs exhibited a step in progress which has escaped Cowper, but "cane chairs," the mark of "a generation more refined," were numerous; and there was even abundance of rich Russia-leather chairs, without and with arms, the latter doubtless sufficiently "restless" and uncomfortable, although "our rugged sires" never complained, howsoever

> "inconveniently pent in,
> And ill at ease behind."

Beyond this, however, the luxury of "Argyll's Lodging," in the way of seats, did not soar,—"the soft settee" and "the sofa," although already accomplished in France, had not

apparently reached Stirling, for no articles of this description figure in the inventory. The tables were usually of fir, and except in the Countess' own bed-room and her "closet," there were no chests of drawers, their place being supplied by shelves fastened to the walls. Amid these homelier articles of use "sweet-wood" (or cedar?) "boxes," "indented" (or inlaid) "cabinets" (one of them "with a clock, with an indented case" attached to it), "varnished" dressing-tables with glasses, and large looking-glasses—many of these being provided with pairs "of standarts" (castors?) "conform"—were scattered through the house, evidently of costly materials and superior taste and workmanship. The principal rooms were carpeted, and all, of every description, hung with tapestry—of Arras, or of "stamped drugget," or stuff, sometimes edged with gilded leather, in the better, and of common stuffs (plaiding, serge, etc.), in the inferior rooms. There were candlesticks for hanging on the walls, brass candlesticks for the tables, and two small hand-candlesticks for the especial use (probably) of the Earl and Countess. Screens, lined with cloth to match with the hangings, gave protection from the wind; "carpet covers" contributed to the comfort of the cane chairs; and coverings of the same material ornamented the tables. All the rooms were provided with fire-places, two or three of them even with "purring-irons," or pokers, beside the more usual provision of shovel and tongs. There was ample provision in the way of bedding—feather-beds and "cods," or pillows, "palliasses," or straw mattresses—"braidit" (embroidered?) blankets, and generally one "English blanket" to each principal bed—the counterpanes of the superior bed-rooms being frequently ornamented with strips of gilded leather. A very magnificent bed of embroidered purple velvet, with its appurtenances, and eight chairs to match, as well as numerous "dornick" (or figured) and damask tablecloths and napkins, chair-covers of flowered velvet, green and white, Holland sheets, and such-like domestic treasures, to

be produced, it is to be supposed, on state occasions, as, for example, when the Duke of York was the Countess Anna's guest in 1680, were preserved, along with stores of homelier materials (as above stated), in the "Wardrobe."

But the most interesting portion of this old inventory, as regards the Countess, is the section of it which describes her own peculiar "closet" or sitting-room. She had assembled in it and around her all her pretty things, simple enough in themselves, but in which she had indulged her natural taste for the graceful and beautiful—forming a second supply or replacement (as it were) of that "womanly furniture" which Lord Balcarres speaks of as a thing of the past in the testamentary disposition mentioned in a former page. Among the items enumerated are no less than three "sweet-wood boxes," and an *escritoire*, or writing-table, of "varnished" wood—two little statues of "marable,"—"two little green and white statues" (probably of some species of earthenware)—a mortar and pestle of marble—"two crystal bottles, with two crystal candlesticks, with ane crystal fall, and ane crystal glass for essences"—"three crystal bottles, whereof two has silver heads"—and "two-and-twenty counterfeit porcelain dishes" (Dutch imitation, I presume, of China ware), in which we may recognise the set of twenty-three which her friend Madame Henderson had sent her from Holland in 1664—one of them having evidently been broken since that year. Two pair of "raised" (or embossed) "silver candlesticks," a silver inkhorn, and "a bell of bell-metal" for summoning her attendants (suspension bells being of subsequent, indeed recent introduction), are enumerated, as also her taper-holder for sealing letters—for such, I think, must have been the article described as "ane candlestick, with ane roll of wax candle,"—the roll or coil of taper resting below on a plate-like bason, twining round a slender upright silver stem, and rising at the top through a holder or beak projecting at right angles to the stem, the beak holding it tight, but

opening by the pressure of the fingers, like a pair of scissors, so as to allow of the coil being drawn out from time to time as rendered necessary by its consumption. These last-named articles, the taper, the ink-horn, the hand-bell, and the two raised silver candlesticks, have evidently stood upon the *escritoire*, or writing-table, above mentioned, in the most comfortable corner of the room. Another interesting item, "a case of wooden tae-cups"—tea-cups! (modelled seemingly after the fashion of quaichs)—probably stood on a side-table, together with her little stock of plate, consisting of six large and six smaller silver "tumblers," a silver tumbler gilded, and a gilded spoon, knife, and fork, with two gilded "salts," or salt-cellars; while on a large fir-table, in the centre of the room, provided as usual with "standarts," and covered with a table-cover, reposed (I have little doubt) her "Cambridge Bible, in two large volumes in folio, with Ogleby's cuts," an edition published in 1660, of remarkable magnificence, and beside it (a singular companion, but characteristic of the owner), the "Acts of Parliament." On the walls, and doubtless in honourable places, hung "my Lord's picture, in a little gilded frame," and "Mr. Baxter's picture," while "fifteen painted fancies" further decorated the apartment. The hangings were of stamped purple, and the tablecloth to match. Such was the Countess Anna's "sanctum;" such were her "Lares et Penates," her household gods, some of them probably dear to her from old Balcarres associations, in her new home.

I may add that of five other pictures which hung in the Dining-room, viz. a portrait of Argyll in his robes (by Lely), her own portrait, that of her father Earl Colin of Seaforth (by Riley), and portraits of her two daughters, the first and third are now preserved among our family pictures. The only musical instrument in the house was "a fine harp," "upon standarts," which stood in the Drawing-room; but whether its strings rendered eloquent response to the Countess Anna's touch I cannot determine.

I do not like to turn from this glimpse of peace and repose to public matters, rife as they were with disquiet and turmoil during the latter half of the seventeenth century. The fortunes of Anna Countess of Argyll were still, as those of Anna of Balcarres had been during the early days of the Covenant, bound up with the interests of the Scottish Kirk and the cause, as it ultimately became once more, of constitutional liberty. A few words on the course of ecclesiastical matters in Scotland during the twenty-eight years which elapsed between 1660 and 1688 must therefore introduce what I have yet to say.

Charles II. returned to Britain a limited, not an absolute monarch,—the Restoration was the triumph of Constitutionalism. I have alluded to the joy of the country at the King's return, but the expression but feebly expresses the enthusiasm, the frenzied excitement, with which that return was greeted in Scotland. Kirkton, the (Presbyterian) church historian and a contemporary, describes it in vivid terms. The Scots, as a nation, were thoroughly sickened of the tyranny of Cromwell and the Commonwealth; their hopes had become centred year after year more and more earnestly on their exiled king, knowing him to be courteous and kind, believing him to be not disinclined to Presbyterianism, and viewing him as the symbol and representative of freedom and civil security. A tender sentiment further attached to him through "the compassions the world had for his father's misfortunes and sufferings," and "his own youth being spent in continual toil, attended with loss, dishonour, and grief," "which were enough," says the above authority, "to make a gentle nature to pity him." "Their affections to his person were" thus "equal to their discontent with the republican government." And "in fine, the eagerness of their longing was so great, [that] some would never cut their hair, some would never drink wine, some would never wear linen, till they might see the desire of their eyes, the King." In the midst of these aspirations,

however, the more zealous Scottish Presbyterians, the trustees (as they esteemed themselves) of the Solemn League and Covenant, were not without grave misgivings as to the future. When Monk commenced his memorable march for London, they sent with him Mr. James Sharpe, one of their ablest ministers, to watch over the interests of the Kirk in any revolution which might ensue. The two laymen on whom they most relied for protection were Lauderdale and Crawford-Lindsay, still at that time state prisoners, but who were released by the authority of Monk, and appointed (as I have stated), Lauderdale Secretary of State, and Crawford-Lindsay (as before) High Treasurer, after the Restoration. Of these three men Crawford-Lindsay was true to the Covenant, Lauderdale and Sharpe were not. It soon appeared that Presbyterianism had but few friends at court. The King's experience of it during his residence in Scotland had made him bitterly dislike it; his English councillors looked upon the Covenant as the source of all the sufferings of the last twenty years; Lauderdale, knowing his countrymen well, and viewing the question as one of policy rather than principle, strongly dissuaded the King from pressing Episcopacy upon them; but the advice of more ardent spirits, and especially of the High Church party in England, prevailed; Middleton was sent to Edinburgh as High Commissioner with full authority to restore the Episcopal polity; and Sharpe returned to Scotland Archbishop of St. Andrews.

The clergy throughout Scotland were now required to accept presentation from lay patrons and induction from the prelates, both these requisitions being diametrically opposed to the cherished principles of the Kirk. Between three and four hundred ministers at once resigned their livings, and the church, to use the language of the times, fled into the wilderness.

Crawford-Lindsay, the champion and sole hope of the Presbyterians, maintained a long and gallant struggle on behalf

of the Kirk and the Covenant, but was at last, in the summer of 1663, forced, as an honest man, to resign the Treasurership and to retire from political life—although against the advice of Lauderdale and Sir Robert Moray, who saw matters differently. The King—always partial personally to the Scottish friends and adherents of his earlier and suffering years—was loath to accept his resignation, and at Crawford's request, prompted by Lauderdale and Moray, appointed his son-in-law the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Rothes Treasurer in his stead.

It is by no means easy to form a judgment of the motives and actions of those who took the leading part in these transactions. At first sight it would appear as if the measures just detailed were a mere wanton aggression upon the liberties, civil and ecclesiastical, of Scotland; but a dispassionate inquiry will prove that such was not the case. The real fact was, that while the more enthusiastic Presbyterians cherished the Covenant as a living law of truth and life, their more moderate brethren whether among the ministry or the laity treated or at least thought of it as "an old almanack," which had done good service in its day, but was now out of date. The latter were, with the exception of Crawford-Lindsay, the men brought into power by the Restoration. Their conviction and that of Charles and his Scottish council in 1661 was much what that of James VI. and his advisers had been in 1597, namely, that the extreme pretensions of the Presbyterian church were irreconcilable with the legitimate rights of personal and civil liberty. No government could, in fact, be carried on, no individual freedom could subsist, under the tyranny of a theocracy such as that of 1650. The revelations of the last few years had further proved that not only had theological learning, till lately the ornament of the Scottish Episcopal Kirk, ceased from the land, but that license in thought and depravity in morals, whether rampant before the sun or veiled over by hypocrisy, had been developed in Scotland

no less than in England in exact proportion to the severity of church discipline, and this to an extent undreamt of in more moderate times,—a depravity destined to expand into that wide-spread profligacy which disgraced Britain during the latter years of the seventeenth century, and which, so far from being attributable (as commonly supposed) to the limited influence of Charles II.'s court at Paris or in London, was in a proximate degree the positive and immediate consequence of that merciless, iron-like, spiritual despotism, whether of the Kirk in Scotland or of the Puritan *régime* in England, which had been felt to be intolerable even at the time except by those whose blameless and holy lives exempted them from suffering from its severity. On every ground, therefore—on that of the necessary rights of the civil magistrate, on that of individual freedom, in the interests of learning and of public morality—and at a time too when the whole head was faint and the whole heart sick with the throes of mortal agony through which Britain had struggled to the Restoration—men might have been accounted wise who thought that a return to the constitution of the Kirk as settled in 1597 and subsequently would be advantageous to all parties and not upon the whole distasteful to those who were to be relieved by it, the laity and the moderate section of the clergy of Scotland. The joy of the nation at the recovery of their freedom after the tyranny of Cromwell and the Independents may even have induced a belief in such statesmen that the restoration of church polity as it had stood during the period previous to the imposition of the obnoxious Service-Book in 1637, would be accepted without difficulty. They were deceived in this expectation, but it is difficult to say that, in the general reaction of sentiment, they were not warranted in entertaining it. They would unquestionably have been justified in providing for such securities to the government and to the liberties of the subject against the despotism of the Kirk as the experience of the past proved to be needful. But they were

not justfied in imposing Episcopacy, with the attendant tests and requisitions insisted upon in connection with it, upon a reluctant Kirk and people, and still less in prosecuting this object and crushing down opposition by the series of measures adopted for the purpose, although in no respect more peremptory or severe in their character and tendency than those previously inflicted by the Kirk on Episcopalians, Papists, Independents, Quakers, and in a word, all who differed from them. The result was, what might have been expected, an aggravation of those ever-jealous susceptibilities of national independence which had lain quite as much as religious principle at the root of the resistance to Charles I., and which, after twenty-eight years of either active or passive resistance, were to determine the ultimate establishment of Presbyterianism in exclusive de-Catholicised independence as the Church of Scotland after the Revolution of 1688. This of course was not dreamt of in 1661. A deep conviction lay then at the root of all men's minds that the Kirk had, as a theocratic power, been tried and found wanting; and so much of this remembrance survived in 1688 that, in the final settlement which took place after the Revolution, the Kirk was practically bridled with one hand while established with the other—a consummation of Erastianism very different from that contemplated by the Melvilles and Bruces of 1596, the Protesters of 1651, and the Cameronians of Bothwell Brig. The Secession Church of last century and the Free Church of the present, are thus the only legitimate representatives now of the spirit of the Covenant. My own belief, speaking from an external point of view, is clear, that the limited Episcopacy of 1597-1610, which secured to the Kirk of 1560 the Apostolical succession and the privileges of Catholicity, and preserved it from excess and self-rupture though securing its due relative position to the civil power, might, with any needful modifications, have

been retained with advantage. But . . . . "Dîs aliter visum est!"

It will hardly be wondered at that considerations like these had little influence on the heirs and representatives —the trustees, as I have called them, for so they esteemed themselves—of the Solemn League and Covenant in Scotland in the years following upon the Restoration. The compulsory resignation of the ministers, the enforced retirement of Crawford-Lindsay, and the promotion of men who, like Sharpe, had apostatised, as it was held, from the faith and betrayed their duty, contributed to exasperate the passions and inflame the religious enthusiasm of the more zealous Presbyterians. From this time forward conventicles were held in the glens and caverns of the wilder regions of Scotland; the dispossessed ministers led the worship; sentries were posted to give warning in case the military bands, whose duty it was to disperse such assemblages, should appear; and women of all classes, and not unfrequently those belonging to what were called the "court families," attended these meetings, and drank in the impassioned exhortations of their persecuted pastors, while beside them were piled the weapons which their stronger companions were ready to wield, if necessary, against any who should interrupt them.

Among these ladies the most prominent and influential was one to whom the Presbyterians looked up with extraordinary deference and veneration, Lady Anne Lindsay, Duchess of Rothes, Crawford-Lindsay's daughter. Lauderdale, who, persecuting out of policy, never, I believe, forgot that he had once been a Covenanter, and Sir Robert Moray, had known their man when they recommended Rothes as Crawford-Lindsay's successor. Even Wodrow mentions instances of his lenity. It is still remembered that the Duchess frequently concealed the nonconformist preachers in the neighbourhood of her husband's castle of Leslie. A quiet understanding subsisted between husband and wife

on the subject. When under the necessity of acting with vigour against the recusant preachers, the Duke's usual warning was, "My hawks will be out to-night, my Lady,—take care of your blackbirds!" And the tradition is that she warned the "blackbirds" of the coming storm by a white sheet suspended from a tree on the hill above the house of Leslie, which could be seen for a considerable distance. But none sympathised more warmly with the oppressed fugitives than Earl Colin's two sisters, Lady Sophia and Lady Henrietta Lindsay. Widely different in character, the one being as gentle and retiring as the other was energetic and enterprising, they were united in one faith, one love, to their Saviour, their widowed mother, and each other. In her diary, still preserved, Henrietta, the younger, ascribes to the cheerful piety of her mother's servants, as well as to that mother's early instruction, the love of religion which sprang up in her heart in childhood, and, at sixteen years of age, induced her solemnly to dedicate herself, after her best endeavour, to the service of her Redeemer. For many weeks afterwards, she says, it was one of her chief enjoyments to sing the forty-fifth psalm while walking in the retired plantations at Balcarres. Solitude and seclusion—in which she could commune with her own heart and be still—had ever a peculiar charm for her. But in course of time the oppressions of the hour worked upon her spirit till a tinge of enthusiasm disturbed her natural common sense, and, as in many other cases in that day, she became the subject of visions and dreams which, although she never herself notices them, those who were made acquainted with them understood as the results of direct supernatural intervention. Of this nature was a dream which I shall hereafter mention concerning the Revolution of 1688, and an apparition to her of the Great Enemy recorded, on the report of a Mr. John Anderson, by Wodrow, to the effect that for a long time she "was under a severe temptation of slavish fear of Satan's appearing in a bodily shape, which turned

so violent as to fright her much from secret duty, yet still she continued at it, till one day, when at secret prayer, Satan did appear (if I mind) under the shape of a black lyon roaring; but then there appeared likewise a chain about him, which perfectly commanded him. This vision," he adds, "perfectly cured" her "of slavish fear." Her enthusiasm, I must add, never betrayed her into fanaticism, or, at least, the malignity which usually accompanies that phase of spiritual error; not a word of bitterness against others has escaped her throughout the diary above mentioned. Her sister, on the contrary, Lady Sophia, was a creature of daylight and brightness as much as Lady Henrietta was of twilight and reserve. She is spoken of as a woman remarkable for the brightest faculties, cheerful and witty, irrepressible in energy, and endowed with that presence of mind in the hour of need which is worth more even than courage in moments of emergency. I shall have occasion to illustrate this hereafter,—an instance of her playful vivacity, in her earlier years, is recorded by a son of Mr. Blackader, who had been shut up in Stirling Castle for refusing to sign the Black Bond, one of the numerous tests by which the consciences of the Presbyterians were probed about 1674:— "While I was in prison," he says, "the Earl of Argyll's daughters-in-law, Lady Sophia and Lady Henrietta, and Lady Jean, his own daughter, did me the honour and came to see me, where I remember Lady Sophia stood up on a bench and arraigned before her the Provost of Stirling, then sentenced and condemned him to be hanged for keeping me in prison; which highly enraged the poor fool provost, though it was but a harmless frolic. It seems he complained to the Council of it, for which the good Earl was like to have been brought to much trouble about it." It was this same Blackader, I think, who led the devotions at a great preaching on the Craig of Balcarres, then, as I have mentioned, bare of trees, and capable of accommodating thousands upon thousands of hearers ranged, in concentric

circles, round the minister preaching, like John the Baptist, from the summit of the rock to his weeping audience.

I do not find the Countess Anna's own name mentioned in connection with any meetings of this impassioned kind, nor does her name once figure in the "Analecta" or miscellaneous jottings of Wodrow—that repertory of the religious gossip of the zealots of the time. It would have been strange indeed had it been so. Warmly attached to the Presbyterian church, her mind was of too masculine, too sober, I might almost say too Catholic a cast, and she had had too much experience of life in the historical developments of her time, to rush into fanaticism, or even, so far as I can perceive, to slide into the milder error of enthusiasm, which certainly captivated the more youthful imagination of Lady Henrietta, at least, of her two daughters. We should scarcely otherwise have seen her on terms of cordiality, if not of friendship—at all events in intercourse—with Bishop Gunning, a man noted for his boldness in continuing to read the liturgy at his chapel in Exeter House, London, when the Parliament was most predominant and throughout the usurpation, and this in opposition to Cromwell's frequent rebuke—and with Archbishop Sharpe of St. Andrews, at a time when prelacy was abhorred by presbyterians, and the name of Sharpe was a byword among his former brethren. Her sympathy was rather, like the Apostle's, with all who loved the Lord Jesus with sincerity. If Baxter was her personal friend in one direction, Dr. Earles, the excellent Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Salisbury—whose "innocent wisdom," "sanctified learning," and "pious peaceable temper," are the theme of Isaac Walton's eulogy—was, as we have seen, her "old kind friend" on the other; and if the "Divine Life" and "Saints' Rest" were dear to her alike from their subject and their author, the writings of Robert Boyle and Isaac Barrow were equally objects of her admiring familiarity. Nothing indeed is more remarkable than the mutual

understanding and cordiality, and even the affection, which we constantly find to have subsisted in those days between individuals belonging to parties in church and state which we are accustomed in the retrospect to consider as at deadly enmity. As partisans, doubtless, they would have fought *à l'outrance* when arrayed in the opposing ranks of polemical or political controversy; but in their individual relations in the intercourse of life they seem to have thought more of the points of agreement than those of difference, and found those points a sufficient basis for a common and kindly understanding. It would be well for ourselves in the present day did we cultivate the like charity—which is as different from a cold indifferentism as the glow of the summer day in Italy from the wintry torpor of Nova Zembla. I have spoken of course, in the preceding observations, of the more enlightened and liberal of their time, those whose hearts had been rendered cosmopolitan—"large as the sands upon the sea-shore," like Solomon's—by that extended knowledge of the world which promotes charity and induces sympathy, the one the silver zone, the other the golden crown of Christianity.

It will not create surprise that Earl Colin's sisters, domesticated as they now were with Argyll, should both of them have espoused Campbells. Sophia married, but not till about 1689, Charles Campbell, a younger son of her stepfather, and Henrietta became the wife of Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, chieftain of an ancient branch of the "Sons of Diarmid." This latter match took place, I believe, in 1678, and about a year afterwards Lady Henrietta and Sir Duncan paid a visit to Inverary, where their "little Jamie" was nursed, as Lady Henrietta says in her diary, by "his grandmother," the Countess Anna, "with the greatest affection and tenderness,"—a visit she always looked back upon with tender remembrance of "the mutual affection, sympathy, and concord that was among us at this time." Once only afterwards did they assemble together in this manner,

and that was in 1680, shortly before events which I shall have to mention presently; when, as Lady Henrietta states, "most of the late Earl's family and my mother's, being a numerous company, had a cheerful meeting at Cantyre, the sacrament being administered there two days following together. And indeed, as this meal was doubled to many, so there wanted not a long journey to many to go in the strength of it," it being the last they partook of for many weary days,—"the growing desolation and trouble daily increasing, to the putting a further restraint on ministers and people, many of whom were imprisoned, harassed, chased to the hazard of their lives, violating the consciences of others, and to the fearful bloodshed of many; retrenching our liberties, so that it was made a crime to meet or convene to the worship of the living God except in such a manner as our nation was solemnly sworn against,—laying bonds on ministers not to preach, or people to hear, under such and such penalties, fines, hazards, as were endless to rehearse; things running to such a height to the introducing of popery itself, if the Lord had not prevented, that no thinking persons but mostly were under the dread and fear of this approaching judgment."

During these many years of Presbyterian depression Argyll had maintained the quiet tenor of his path, inconspicuous in action, and untroubled by those in power. A royalist on the Highland hills in 1653, he had been from the first, like Balcarres and Crawford-Lindsay, the friend of constitutional, not of despotic monarchy. After the Restoration, foreseeing the course of events, he "disengaged himself" (to use the words of a biographer) "as much as possible from all public affairs except those which related to his religious profession,"—to that, indeed, "through the whole of his life, he devoted himself with a consistency and earnestness so pure, as almost totally to reject the usual alloy of political party-spirit; and thus his affection to monarchy and the regularity of his allegiance remained

undisturbed." This state of things was finally interrupted by the imposition of a new test, or oath, which the Scottish nobility were required to take after the murder of Archbishop Sharpe in 1679 and the subsequent insurrection in the west country,—an oath by which the juror professed his acquiescence in the confession of faith agreed to in the year 1560, and at the same time acknowledged the King as supreme head of the Church, an admission incompatible with the former. When this test was tendered to Argyll as a member of the Privy Council, he declared that he took it "in so far as it was consistent with itself and with the Protestant religion,"—a qualification for which he was cast into prison, tried, found guilty of treason and lese-majesty, and sentenced to death and forfeiture.

He was lying in Edinburgh Castle in daily expectation of the order arriving for his execution when woman's wit intervened for his safety. It was not however his wife, but his favourite step-daughter, the sprightly Lady Sophia, who accomplished his escape. Her mother, it is true, had had ample experience of disguise and stratagem in the old days of the rebellion, and her counsel doubtless guided and seconded Lady Sophia's bold and successful enterprise. Having obtained leave to visit him for one half-hour, she brought with her a tall, awkward, country clown as a page, with a fair wig, and his head tied up as if he had been engaged in a fray. On entering she made them change clothes, and at the expiration of the allotted half-hour she bade farewell in a flood of tears to her supposed step-father, and walked out of the prison with the most perfect dignity and with a slow pace, escorted from the door of the cell by a gentleman of the castle. The sentinel at the drawbridge, a sly Highlander, eyed Argyll hard, but her presence of mind did not desert her; she twitched her train of embroidery, carried in those days by the page, out of his hand, and dropping it in the mud, exclaimed, dashing it across his face, "Varlet! take that for knowing no better how to carry your lady's gar-

ment." This ill-treatment so confounded the sentinel that he let them pass unquestioned. They had still to pass the main guard, but were not stopped; and then, after the great gate was opened and the lower guard drawn out double, to make a lane for Lady Sophia and her attendants to pass, one of the guard who opened the gate took Argyll by the arm "rudely enough, and viewed him," but he again escaped discovery. At the outer gate Lady Sophia stepped into her coach which was waiting for her, handed in still by the gentleman from the castle. Argyll stepped up behind in his character of lackey, but on reaching the weigh-house, or custom-house, slipped quietly off, dived into one of the wynds or narrow streets contiguous to it, and "shifted for himself." This cleverly executed rescue was effected about nine o'clock in the evening of the 20th December 1681.

Argyll was conducted by a clergyman of the name of Veitch through unfrequented roads to London, where he lay concealed for some time till means were found for his escape to Holland, in which country he resided the remainder of Charles II.'s reign. Charles was aware of Argyll being in London, but he was not ungenerous, and moreover, as Fountainhall observes, "ever retained some kindness for him;" and when a note was put into his hand signifying where he was to be found, he tore it up, exclaiming, "Pooh, pooh! hunt a hunted partridge? Fye, for shame!" Argyll beguiled some of the weary hours of his concealment by writing an epistle in rhyme to his fair preserver, beginning

> "Daughter, as dear as dearest child can be,
> Lady Sophia, ever dear to me!"

and ending, after a dreary rhapsody of church and state politics in a more familiar and pleasant strain:—

> "The noble friends I found here greet you well;
> How much they honour you it's hard to tell;

Or how well I am us'd; to say it all
Might make you think that I were in Whitehall!
I eat, I drink, I lie, I lodge so well,
It were a folly to attempt to tell;
So kindly car'd for, furnished, attended,
Were ye to chalk it down, you could not mend it.
I want for nothing, ye can't wish me better
For folk and friends. I have now fill'd my paper,
To tell the rest would need another letter.
I thank God I'm in health; I wish that you
Be well and merry; and, my dear, Adieu!"

Lady Sophia, it seems, narrowly escaped a public whipping through the streets of Edinburgh; but the Duke of York, afterwards James II., with his wonted humanity, interposed to protect her, saying "that they were not wont to deal so cruelly with ladies in his country." It was an argument perhaps somewhat beyond the mark, for the lenity exhibited towards Lady Sophia is dwelt upon by Fountainhall, four years afterwards, when noting the fact of "one Mistress Gaunt" being "condemned to death and burnt at Tyburn, for assisting one of the Western rebels with Monmouth to escape, and giving him money,"—"this," he observes, "was Lady Sophia Lindsay's guilt in conveying away Argyll, yet all her punishment with us" (*i.e.* the Scots) "was only some time's imprisonment." Such were the times, heroism and ferocity alternately predominant—vices and virtues in strong salient opposition. The sharply-defined devices and inscriptions of the gold and silver coinage of the reigns preceding the Revolution might be cited to typify these characteristics, just as the smooth and featureless surface of King William's and Queen Mary's shillings might be understood to foreshadow the dull flat of moral uniformity to which society has been tending ever since the commencement of the last century.

This prosecution, or rather persecution of Argyll, and the fate he was sentenced to, were viewed with mingled feelings in Scotland, but those of pity and indignation pre-

dominated. His dealings with the creditors (partly his own and partly his father's) on the Argyll estates had been considered harsh and unjust; and his policy in the Highlands and Hebrides, especially against the Macleans—prosecuting the objects of aggrandisement and superiority, traditional in his family, by the help alike of legal machinery and of letters of fire and sword under the authority of the State—had occasioned a confederation of Highland chiefs, including Seaforth, Athol, Glengarry, Macleod, and others, for the purpose of "bearing him down," primarily in self-defence, remotely in the hope of profiting by his fall. It is difficult to reconcile the character thus exhibited of him with that of religious sincerity and personal amiability which undoubtedly attached to him; but such (I repeat) were the contrarieties of the time—or rather, such are the inconsistencies of human nature; they exist still, but in diminished prominence, and hence attract less attention. It is admitted that he had "walked legally and warily enough in all he had done,"—but that would only aggravate the offence of an Argyll in the eyes of his contemporaries. From the above causes, Earl Archibald had been very unpopular up to the time of his forfeiture; nor had he escaped obloquy through his being a member of the Privy Council, which was held in such odium by the recusant Presbyterians. The fact, however, that he suffered at last for the Protestant interest—for, as a contemporary expresses it, "a slender paper used as a salvo for his conscience" in accepting a test which every one abhorred—sufficed to make him at once the object of warm sympathy, and his escape the subject of general satisfaction. And, added to this, a sentiment, honourable to human nature and always strongly felt in feudal times, further contributed to engage public feeling on his side—pity and pain at seeing a great noble crushed (for every one knew that this was an element in Argyll's case) through the jealousy and dread entertained by the Crown of his power and greatness. Like the more

ancient Scottish Earls and Barons—of March, of Marr, of Strathearn, of Douglas, of Angus, of Crawford, and others —the Earls of Argyll were invested, in their baronial capacity, with rights of Regality, which conferred the exclusive power of administering law and justice to their vassals (except in cases of high treason), in their own courts, without appeal to those of the realm, rendering them thus in reality sovereign princes holding of a suzerain, like the Earls Palatine of Chester in England, and the Margraves and Pfalzgraves of the Continent. The office of High Justiciary, or Justice-General of Scotland, was also hereditary in the Argyll family, and although their justiciary power had been restricted to Argyllshire by recent enactments, they were still, as such, supreme within that extensive territory. And further, as chiefs of the race of Diarmid, or Clan Campbell, MacCallummore* ruled over the hearts and wills of his people with a patriarchal sway, which, while analogous in kind to that exercised by the Lochiels and Glengarrys of the north, was strengthened in the case of the Earls of Argyll by something very like a superstitious faith in the luck or fortune that usually attended the peculiar and subtle genius of the family—ever wise, wary, and politic—differing in this respect, as they possibly did in race, from all the other Highland tribes. The house of Argyll was thus, in fact, from the combination of these concentering sources of influence, very formidable; and in striking at their power in the person of Earl Archibald in 1681, the government acted, almost avowedly, on the policy which had been put in force, on repeated occasions, against the great Earls of regality above enumerated during preceding centuries, and of which a recent example had been exhibited in the forfeiture and ruin of the house of Ruthven, Earls of Gowrie, after the celebrated conspiracy in 1600. It was on this last precedent, and in the view of similar results, that Argyll's ruin was determined upon by the Scottish administration in

* Properly "MacCailean Mor," *i.e.* "Son of the Great Colin."

1681, his estates confiscated, and his hereditary jurisdictions assigned to others—that over Argyllshire, in particular, being entrusted to his especial enemy, the Marquis of Athol, with the direct object, according to Fountainhall, "to engage him to their party and perfect Argyll's ruin; for parcelling out his lands and jurisdiction in the hands of so many great persons, is the high-way to lay a perpetual bar on the hopes of a restitution to Argyll, for all the sharers will obstruct it." It is not indeed likely that it was intended to take his life in 1681; King James (then Duke of York, and High Commissioner at Edinburgh) expressly asserts the contrary in his memoirs, stating (and there is no doubt it is the truth) that it was the King's and his own object to get him more into their power and deprive him of those "jurisdictions and superiorities which he and his predecessors had surreptitiously acquired and most tyrannically exercised," and which the King "thought too much for any one subject"—thus confirming in all respects the independent testimony of Fountainhall. Argyll and his friends undoubtedly thought that his head was in danger, and his escape was arranged accordingly. The effect of this escape, thus thwarting the policy of the government, produced effects which had not been calculated upon. Dread of his power had animated the administration—his qualification of the test offered an opportunity for "lowing" or depressing him; his previous unpopularity had encouraged them to avail themselves of that opportunity; but when the sentence was announced, the severity of the punishment as contrasted with the slightness of the offence, his subsequent escape as it was supposed from death, the civil death actually inflicted upon him by forfeiture, the confiscation of his property, and the ruin of his family and friends, contributed to turn the tide of public feeling and elevate him into the rank of a martyr for political and religious liberty,—while this again reacted upon himself and his family through the exasperation of the government, an exasperation aggra-

vated in bitterness month after month during the ensuing four years through the disquiet in which the country was kept by the rumours constantly arriving from abroad of a meditated invasion from Holland. As regards the original question of Argyll's "explication" or qualification of the test, on which the whole of this process of iniquity proceeded, the feeling of the public mind in England was sufficiently expressed by a saying of the Earl of Halifax to King Charles, "that he knew not the Scots law, but by the law of England that explication could not hang his dog;" while the general sentiment in Scotland expressed itself in a sufficiently droll manner, as narrated by Fountainhall. It seems "the children of Heriot's Hospital, finding that the dog which keeped the yairds of that Hospital had a public charge and office, they ordained him to take the Test, and offered him the paper; but he, loving a bone rather than it, absolutely refused it; then they rubbed it over with butter (which they called an explication of the Test, in imitation of Argyll), and he licked off the butter but did spit out the paper; for which they held a jury on him, and in derision of the sentence against Argyll, they found the dog guilty of treason, and actually hanged him."

A period of suffering for the whole of Argyle's family, and for the Countess Anna in particular, ensued upon his flight. Argyll's forfeiture cut off their means of subsistence; they were, by Scottish law, forfeited along with him, and were reduced for a time to great distress—the "children," according to Macky, "starving," in so much so that Lord Lothian, Lady Jean's cousin-german, married her, according to that authority, "purely out of a principle of honour, believing they suffered wrongfully." The Countess's house at Stirling remained apparently untouched, but her income lapsed, and nothing remained to her except her revenues from the small estate of Wester Pitcorthie adjacent to Balcarres, amounting to four thousand marks a year, which had been settled on her as her jointure by her first husband.

The memory however of early days was fresh at Whitehall in the midst of all this sanctioned injustice; and King Charles interfered for her behoof by a "signature," or order, on the commissioners appointed for administering the forfeited estates, on the 4th March 1682, (followed by a charter under the Great Seal, bearing the same date,) securing to her a provision of seven thousand marks *per annum* out of the Argyll revenues,—a sum, that is to say, equivalent to that which had been previously provided as her jointure in the event of Earl Archibald's death—precedency being assigned to her claims over those of any other creditor; the grant proceeding, as is stated, on the consideration of the King's recollection of the many and faithful services done to him by the late Earl of Balcarres, and the severe hardships which Anna Countess of Balcarres (lately Countess of Argyll) had herself suffered after her husband's death; and for the reason, moreover, that she and her first husband's family had constantly stood up for and vindicated the royal authority during the late abominable usurpation under Cromwell. Here again, however, the poverty of the country, or at least the exhaustion of the estates administered, interfered with the King's wish and the Countess's benefit; for the commissioners had only, in April 1684, paid her four thousand six hundred marks; and, although there was then remaining due to her four thousand four hundred more "of bygones preceding the year 1683," her petition for payment was only satisfied to the extent of two thousand four hundred. The consequence of all this was, under the circumstances, much privation; and the token of its pressure within the first year after Argyll's forfeiture and flight is exhibited in a touching manner by the fact that in a fresh inventory of her movables at "Argyll's Lodging" in Stirling, drawn up in 1682, almost all her pretty things, her "womanly furniture," the graceful garniture of her "closet," or bower, had disappeared—only eight, for example, of her porcelain pots remained to her—the rest

had been parted with, probably (as on the former occasion) for the supply of her husband's need in his difficulties and foreign exile, or for the support of his family in their destitution at home; at all events she and her household gods were once more parted,—while it is equally noteworthy that, while sternly sacrificing her own belongings, she left all the rich hangings, cabinets, and other articles of luxury intact, as being still in her opinion her husband's by right, and not to become her own till after his death—holding, as she of course did, his forfeiture to be unjust, and looking forward to its rescission and his return home under happier auspices.

The only notice of the Countess Anna as appearing and acting in public during this period occurs in December 1683, on some letters of Argyll, written in cypher, having been intercepted and sent down to Scotland, implicating him in the Rye House plot. She was summoned before the Privy Council to give the key to the cyphers and figures in which the letters in question were written. She stated that for a long while past, ever since her husband's difference with the Macleans about the island of Mull, when his correspondence had been similarly intercepted, he had been accustomed to write to her and his friends, even of his private affairs, in cypher, and to that cypher she had a key; "but upon the breaking out of the English plot, she, judging such a way of corresponding dangerous and liable to suspicion, she burnt it four months ago; and she cannot read nor expound them; but that all the letters she got"—("so," observes the annalist in a parenthesis, "she acknowledges corresponding, which in a wife from a traitor husband is in strict law still criminal")—"contained nothing of the plot, but anent his own private affairs and his friends; and it were a cruel law if a wife were obliged to detect and reveal these." "The Junto," adds Fountainhall, "were not satisfied with her answers, as disingenuous to their thoughts." Her remonstrance seems, however, to have silenced them

for the time; but, having got a clue to the cypher subsequently, and those who supplied it "touching," as is said, "the Earl of Balcarres" as indicated by a particular "hieroglyph," they again sent for the Countess, who, finding "her own son thus touched," explained that the symbol in question "was only a relative particle in the key between her husband and her,"—which unluckily, through the supposed context, brought Lord Maitland, a son-in-law of Argyll's, into suspicion. The final result proved that the key in which the letters under suspicion had been written was a different one from that in which the Countess and her husband had corresponded, and had only been confided to three persons, of whom the Countess was not one; and thus she had no further trouble in the business.

Matters continued in this state of suspense and misery —so far as the Countess Anna and her daughters were concerned—till 1685, when they attained their climax. Charles II. was then dead, and the jealousy and dread with which James II.'s accession was viewed alike by the Presbyterians in Scotland and the Anglicans and Protestant dissenters in England, encouraged Argyll and the Duke of Monmouth to invade Britain in concert, in hopes of shaking off the yoke of a Roman Catholic sovereign. The enterprise, both in Scotland and England, turned out an utter failure. Monmouth was taken prisoner and executed; Argyll was equally unfortunate in the north. Neither of them was supported in the manner he had expected. "Argyll," says Fountainhall, "minding the former animosities and discontents in the country, thought to have found us all alike combustible tinder, that he had no more ado than to hold the match to us, and we should all blaze up in a rebellion; but the times are altered, and the people are scalded so severely with the former insurrections that they are frightened to venture on a new one." Sailing round the north of Scotland, Argyll landed in his own country of Argyllshire, and was immediately joined by Sir Duncan Campbell of

Auchinbreck with two hundred of his men, partly out of zeal for the Protestant cause, partly out of fidelity and affection to his chief, and as holding his lands by charter from the Argyll family on the obligation of acting as their Lieutenant-General,—a feudal duty which he afterwards pleaded, but unavailingly, in as much as the higher obligation of obedience to the sovereign controlled it. About two thousand men, chiefly of his clan and vassals, came in at Argyll's summons; and with this and other contingents he descended upon the Lowlands; but his wish to engage the royal troops, and, failing that, to march on Glasgow, being overruled, the army melted away; and at last, bidding the remnant disperse, and wholly unattended, he attempted to make his escape on a pony, disguised in the country dress and bonnet of a peasant. Near Paisley, and in the dusk of the evening, he was noticed by two servants of Sir John Shaw of Greenock, who were driving a saddle-horse, and their beast being weary, they summoned him to surrender his own, as being fresher, for their purpose. Misconceiving their object, and supposing himself to be known, he resisted and fired at them; a drunken weaver, wakened by the noise, came out of his cottage with a rusty broadsword, and, crying that he must be one of Argyll's men, struck him on the head so violently that he fell to the ground, betraying his quality by the exclamation, "Unfortunate Argyll!" uttered in his fall. He was taken prisoner to Glasgow, and the next day, the 20th June, to Edinburgh, where he was warded in the Castle.

On the news reaching the Privy Council, on the 15th May, of Argyll having landed in arms, they at once despatched messengers to Stirling to arrest his wife, the Countess Anna, and Lady Sophia Lindsay; they were brought to Edinburgh and imprisoned there, the Countess in the Castle, and Lady Sophia in the Tolbooth, or common gaol. The activity and energy of both these ladies rendered them objects, doubtless, of jealousy and suspicion, and might

justify their separate confinement; but the incarceration of Lady Sophia among common felons was admittedly, according to Fountainhall, "because by her means Argyll had formerly escaped," and they feared that she and her mother, Lord Neill Campbell, Argyll's brother, and his son James, who were taken up at the same time, might join with him. And a further indignity was offered them. When touching at the Orkneys, two of Argyll's gentlemen having been captured, he had sent a long-boat on shore and carried off seven gentlemen by way of reprisals, threatening that if any injury was done to his friends he would retaliate. The Countess and her fellow-prisoners were now informed that "as he used the Orkney prisoners, so should they be used," —and there can be little doubt the Council would have kept their word had the former been ill treated. Charles Campbell, Argyll's second son, was in his father's company, and, although Lady Sophia was not as yet his wife, their engagement seems to have been known, and her anxieties must have been much augmented by the knowledge of his danger.

Lady Henrietta, in the meanwhile, had had the pain of parting with her husband when he left Auchinbreck to join his chief at the first news of his arrival. In a few days, having received sure intelligence that all was lost, she started forthwith for Edinburgh in the greatest anxiety about him,—at Falkirk she came up with Argyll, who was thus far on his road to Edinburgh as a prisoner—"a mournful sight," she says, "for one who bore him so great affection,"—but being in deep disguise, she dared not approach him. She kept up with him however in the rear, till her horse failed. The following morning (the 21st June) she reached Edinburgh, and in the course of that day was relieved by hearing of her husband having effected his escape. He had in fact been seen and recognised in the Canongate of Edinburgh at the very moment when Argyll was coming in, on the evening of the 20th; but the strict

search made for him by the myrmidons of the government was unsuccessful; and he probably remained in close hiding for some days afterwards. "I was then," says Lady Henrietta, "more enabled to make inquiry after my dear afflicted mother, who was harshly treated; and seeing her under so great affliction by the approaching suffering of such an endeared husband (and had no access to him"—although both were prisoners in the same castle—"till eight days after this fatal stroke), this did again renew a very mournful prospect of matters, which at this time had a very strange aspect, so that, if the Lord of life had not supported, we had sunk under the trouble."

Matters were now pursued to extremity with the recaptured prisoner. Argyll's recent invasion would have rendered him amenable to the pains of treason in their most aggravated form, had he not been previously legally dead in virtue of his original sentence, and thus (it was held) incapable of crime subsequently thereto. He was therefore ordered for execution on the old offence, the qualification of the Test oath of 1681. "The day," proceeds Lady Henrietta, and I shall transcribe the passage verbatim—"the day being appointed for his suffering, she" (the Countess Anna) "had access to him, and, though under deep distress, was encouraged by seeing the bounty and graciousness of the Lord to him, in enabling him, with great courage and patience, to undergo what he was to meet with; the Lord helping him to much fervency in supplication and nearness in pouring out his heart with enlargedness of affection, contrition, and resignation; which did strangely fortify and embolden him to maintain his integrity before his merciless enemies; and by this he was helped at times to great cheerfulness, and fortified under his trial and the testimony he was to give of his zeal and fervour to that righteous cause he was honoured to suffer for.

"In that morning that his dear life was to be surrendered to the God that gave it, he uttered great evidences of joy

that the Lord had blessed him with the time he had in Holland, as the sweetest time of his life, and the mercifulness of his escape to that end; but rejoiced more in that complete escape he was to have that day from sin and sorrow,—yet in a little fell into some damp, and in parting with my mother was observed to have more concern than in any other circumstance formerly; which to her was a bitter parting, to be taken from him whom she loved so dearly; but in a little time after he recovered a little, and as the time of his death drew near, which was some hours after, the Lord was pleased wonderfully to shine on him to the dispelling of clouds and fears, and to the admitting him to a more clear and evident persuasion of His blessed favour, and the certainty of being so soon happy,—of which he expressed his sense in his last letter to my dear mother, which could not but sweeten her lot in her greatest sorrow, and was ground of greatest thankfulness that the Lord helped him to the last to carry with such magnanimity, resolution, contentment of mind, and true valour, under this dark-like providence, to endless blessedness. And though the loss of so great a Protestant was grief of mind to any that had any tender heart, and which to friends was an universal, inexpressible, breaking-like dispensation, yet in so far as he was enabled under cruel suffering to such tranquillity, peace, and comfort, this was to them ground of comfort and an answer to their request,—but to others, that were enemies, was shame and confusion, as appeared after to many that had the least hand in his first sentence. He laid down his dear life June 30, 1685. This morning liberty at length was obtained for my seeing him, but not till he was brought to the Council-house, where I was enabled to go to him; where he had a composed edifying carriage, and, after endearing expressions, said, 'We must not part like those not to meet again!' and he went from thence with the greatest assurance."

To complete this sad story—the last melancholy episode

in the life of the subject of this memoir—I must have recourse to the "History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland" by Wodrow,—the narratives may easily be combined, and I am unwilling to alter either. I will merely premise that, his death having been determined upon, "all the civility imaginable" was shown to Argyll by the government which condemned him to the block.

"The time came when the Earl must for ever leave the Castle and go out to his execution; and he was accompanied with several of his friends down the street to the Laigh Council-house, where he was ordered to be carried before his execution. Here I find the Earl writing his last letter to his dear and excellent lady, which is so valuable a remain of this dying saint that I should wrong the reader not to insert it:—

"'Edinburgh, Laigh Council-house.

"'Dear heart!

"'As God is himself unchangeable, so He hath been always good and gracious to me, and no place alters it; only I acknowledge I am sometimes less capable of a due sense of it; but now, above all my life, I thank God, I am sensible of His presence with me, with great assurance of His favour through Jesus Christ; and I doubt not it will continue till I be in glory.

"'Forgive me all my faults, and now comfort thyself in Him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless thee, and comfort thee, my dearest!

"'Adieu, my dear!

"'Thy faithful and loving husband,

"'ARGYLL.'

"Whether it was at that time, or some former part of this day, that he wrote the following letter to his daughter-in-law Lady Sophia, I cannot be positive. The Earl had an extraordinary value and affection for her, and the two letters generally go together in the copies I have seen, so I am apt to think they are written at the same time. Sure it deserves a room here:—

"'My dear Lady Sophia,

"'What shall I say in this great day of the Lord, wherein, in the midst of a cloud, I find a fair sunshine? I can wish no more for

you but that the Lord may comfort you and shine upon you as he doth upon me, and give you the same sense of his love in staying in the world as I have in going out of it.

" 'Adieu!

" 'ARGYLL.

" 'P.S. My blessing to dear Earl of Balcarres. The Lord touch his heart and incline him to His fear!'

"This day, and probably at this very time, the Earl wrote a letter to another of his dear relations, Lady Henrietta Campbell, sister to the former, and lady to Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck. This excellent and singularly religious person being yet alive, should I say but a little of what I might and could say of her, it would offend, and her excessive modesty forbids me; and therefore, without saying more, I shall add it here:—

" 'Dear Lady Henrietta, June 30, 1685.

" 'I pray God to sanctify and bless this lot to you. Our concerns are strangely mixed,—the Lord look on them! I know all shall turn to good to them that fear God and hope in His mercy. So I know you do, and that you may still do it more and more is my wish for you. The Lord comfort you! I am,

" 'Your loving father and servant,

" 'ARGYLL.'"

One more of these last letters of farewell, but dated earlier in the day, has lately been discovered, addressed to the Earl's second son John, and this too is interesting through its allusion to the Countess Anna:—

"Dear John, Edinburgh Castle, June 30, 1685.

"We parted suddenly, but I hope shall meet happily in heaven. I pray God bless you, and if you seek Him, He will be found of you. My wife will say all to you; pray love and respect her. I am,

"Your loving father,

"ARGYLL."

It was for favour to this son, John Campbell, that, according to Fountainhall, Argyll interceded earnestly during his rest at the Laigh Council-house, pleading that he had only accompanied him "without arms, not being able

to fight through a debility in his hands." He "pled much" at the same time for all his children, and for the "poor people" who had been with him, his clansmen and vassals, as having been for the most part constrained to follow him in his late rebellion.

After writing the preceding letters he proceeded to the place of execution. On reaching "the midst of the scaffold," he "took leave of his friends, heartily embracing some of them in his arms, and taking others by the hand. He delivered some tokens to the Lord Maitland, to be given to his lady and children; then he stripped himself of his clothes and delivered them to his friends, and, being ready to go to the block, he desired the executioner might not be permitted to do his office till he gave the sign by his hand; and, falling down on his knees upon the stool, embraced the maiden (as the instrument of beheading is called) very pleasantly, and with great composure he said, 'it was the sweetest maiden ever he kissed, it being a mean to finish his sin and misery, and his inlet to glory, for which he longed.' And in that posture, having prayed a little space within himself, he uttered these words three times, 'Lord Jesus, receive me into thy glory!' and then gave the sign by lifting up his hand, and the executioner did his work, and his head was separated from his body."

"Thus died," adds Wodrow, "this excellent and truly great and good man." "Thus fell," exclaims Fountainhall, "that tall and mighty cedar in our Lebanon, the last of an ancient and honourable family, who rose to their greatness in King Robert the Bruce's time by their constant adherence to the king, being then Knights of Lochow, and continued doing good services to their king and country till this man's father proved disloyal; and ever since state policy required the humbling of it, being turned too formidable in the Highlands with their vast jurisdictions and regalities." It is always interesting to observe the views taken by contemporaries, and to contrast them with those

of critical historians—not always indeed more just—in recent times. To Wodrow Argyll was the impersonation and martyr of Protestantism and civil liberty—to Fountainhall that of feudal power and individual independence. Both were right in the partial aspect they took of an event which made a great impression at the time on the public mind. The more sober and limited verdict of posterity has been well expressed in Sir Walter Scott's judgment,—"When this nobleman's death is considered as the consequence of a sentence passed against him for presuming to comment upon and explain an oath which was self-contradictory, it can only be termed a judicial murder."

It was noted at the moment that "about the time of Argyll's execution one of his grandchildren, a son of Lorn's, threw himself, being six or seven years old, over a window at Lethington, three storeys high, and was not the worse; from which miracle this inference was made that the said family and estate would yet again recover and overcome this sour blast." The gossips were right. The child lived to become the illustrious John Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, the

> "Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
> And shake alike the senate and the field"

of the poet Pope and of the "Heart of Midlothian."

I would note here with satisfaction that, after Argyll's death, and when his son Lord Lorn, afterwards the first Duke of Argyll, was in great difficulties in London through the forfeiture of the family, Colin, the "dear Earl of Balcarres" of Argyll's letter to Lady Sophia, interceded with James II. and obtained for him a pension of £800 a-year. Many years afterwards, when the rival star was in the ascendant, and Colin's head was in danger through his share in the rebellion of 1715 on behalf of the exiled Stuarts, John Duke of Argyll, Lord Lorn's son (the child mentioned above), to whose military skill the defeat of the Jacobites was mainly owing, was reminded of this good turn, and

repaid it by arranging with Colin's and his own common friend the Duke of Marlborough that, on Colin's surrendering himself, he should be sent to Balcarres under charge of a single dragoon, without further liability. Colin resided there, thus guarded, till the indemnity; and the two men—the grey-headed Cavalier and statesman and the young Hanoverian trooper—thus strangely made companions, are remembered in local tradition to this day as being constantly seen skating together, a friendly pair, during the ensuing winter, on the Loch of Kilconquhar.

The Countess Anna was released from prison after her husband's execution, and immediately started for England with her daughter Henrietta, whose husband Sir Duncan had effected his escape to Dantzig; they spent three months at Windsor and London in attendance at the Court, "endeavouring," says Lady Henrietta, "any favour that could be obtained for him, both as to liberty and maintenance, when sequestrate as to our fortune." Sir Duncan being a prime offender, nothing could be effected for him, and mother and daughter parted, the mother to return to Scotland, Lady Henrietta to cross to Holland, where her husband awaited her. A few months afterwards she too returned to Scotland to fetch over her only child, "and to look after our little concerns, that had then a very ruined-like aspect. The times being troublesome, this obliged me," says she, "to come in disguise to a dear friend Mr. Alexander Moncrieff his house, where I had much kind welcome and sympathy from some who are now in glory and others of them yet alive, whose sympathy and undeserved concern is desired to be borne in mind with much gratitude. But any uncertain abode I had was with my dear mother at Stirling, whose tender care and affection has been greatly evidenced to all hers, and particularly to such as desire to have more of the sense thereof than can be expressed as the bounden duty of such; and I cannot but reckon it among my greatest earthly blessings to have been so trysted, having early lost

my dear father, eminent in his day, when insensible of this stroke; and when so young, not two years old, and deprived of his fatherly instruction, it may justly be ground of acknowledgment that the blessed Father of the fatherless, in whose care I was left, did preserve so tender-hearted a mother, whose worth and exemplariness in many respects may be witness against us if undutiful or unthankful to the great Giver of our mercies."

After her return to Holland, Sir Duncan and Lady Henrietta resided at Rotterdam till the Revolution—in difficulties certainly, but cheered in their distress by the substantial kindness of Mary Princess of Orange and her husband. Sir Duncan accompanied William to England when he sailed on the eventful expedition which worked so marvellously on the destinies of Britain. Lady Henrietta followed them to the sea-side and witnessed the embarkation, but she often described afterwards, with gratitude for the Divine interposition, the check and reverse which the gallant fleet sustained in being driven back by a tremendous storm, and thus saved from encounter with the French squadron which lay in wait for them, while their boats and other matters necessary for effecting their landing in England had likewise been left behind by accident. William's ship was the first to return to port, and Lady Henrietta had the relief of hearing from her husband's lips of his safety. They proceeded together by water to Helvoetsluys that night, but it was three or four days before they could get accommodation in a country village in the neighbourhood, so crowded was the place with Scots and English. They remained there till the final embarkation on the 1st November 1688, on the day after which, in Lady Henrietta's words, "we who were left behind journeyed to our respective homes, some of us on foot and some in waggons, with more cheerfulness and hope as to the matters in hand, so as the former pressure of mind and anxiety was strangely removed." Everything in those days

among the Presbyterians had a touch of superstition inherent in it, and although Lady Henrietta has not mentioned it herself, the garrulous Wodrow reports that after her husband had "embarked with the Prince," on the first or false start which, as above mentioned, the storm defeated, "and after she came back, she sleeped but little that night,—that in the morning after she fell to a slumber and had this remarkable dream, which she communicated to the Countess of Sutherland (Sunderland) and the Princess of Orange, who were much taken with it. She thought she was at the fleet, and they came safe to the coast of England, and at the place where they landed there was a great brazen wall before them. She thought they resolved to land, and when they were endeavouring to get over it, it fell all down before them in Bibles. She could not but reflect afterwards, upon the success of the expedition, upon this as some emblem of that clear knowledge and the settlement of the gospel and the use-makers of the Scripture in opposition to Popery, that followed the happy Revolution. This person," adds Wodrow, "is a lady of great piety and good sense, and no visionary."

Charles Campbell, the future husband of Lady Sophia Lindsay, was also one of the party of exiles who returned from Holland in 1688. His adventures during the interval had been sufficiently remarkable. He had been sent on shore by his father to send the *crois-tara*, or fiery cross, through the country and levy troops, but fell ill of a fever, and was seized in that state by the Marquis of Athol, who, in virtue of his newly-acquired justiciary power, resolved to hang him, ill as he was, at his father's gate of Inverary. The Privy Council, however, at the intercession of several ladies who believed that he was married, as he was in reality, I believe, engaged, to Lady Sophia, stopped the execution, and ordered him to be carried prisoner into Edinburgh. He was tried before the Justiciary Court on the 21st of August 1685, forfeited on his own confession, and

sentenced to banishment, never to return on pain of death. His forfeiture, like that of Sir Duncan and the rest of Argyll's family and adherents, was rescinded at the Revolution; and his marriage with Lady Sophia followed shortly afterwards.

I may add one word more respecting Lady Henrietta and her husband. Sir Duncan's friends and vassals had defended his castle against the Marquis of Athol's men in 1685 for some time, and at length agreed with them to surrender it on condition that the furniture, papers, etc., should be preserved, and they allowed to convey them safe to Lady Henrietta. "These terms," I quote Wodrow's memoranda, "they broke; and, instead of that, they killed some of Auchinbreck's relations, garrisoned the house, and rifled all in it. The commander of the party, after he had taken away and destroyed most of what was in the house, he cast his eyes upon the charter-chest, which was of a very peculiar make, and very curious. He broke it open, and turned out the papers on the chamber-floor where it stood, and sent away the chest for his own use. After all was thus disposed of, there were a party of soldiers lay in the house, I think eight or ten weeks. After the Revolution, when Auchinbreck came home, that house was just ruined, and open to everybody. He went not to it, but to another. After they had been some time there, Lady Henrietta inclined to go up to it, and told him she would have him to send up some to see for his papers. He told her that no doubt they were all destroyed, and acquainted her with the fore-mentioned accompt. She answered, she would go up and look after what had been done to the house. When she came, she found them all lying in a heap on the floor; and she caused put them up in several trunks and carry them to Edinburgh; and when they were looked through, there was not one paper of value awanting, though they had lien open for near four years; which she said she thought was a token of God's favour to that family, in outwards."

—The family of Auchinbreck was thus more fortunate than that of Lauderdale. When the Civil War broke out into intensity, their family papers were buried for security in the "close," cloister, or court, of Balcarres, and remained there till the Restoration, when, on being disinterred, they were found to have been almost entirely destroyed by damp.

The Countess Anna, victim of so many trials, survived these varied events for many years—years, however, still of incomplete satisfaction, of sorrow and anxiety, the Revolution that restored her daughters and their husbands to her arms having deprived her of her son Earl Colin. Colin, as I mentioned, after the defeat of Killiecrankie and his release from imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle, retired to the Continent, where he passed eight years in exile—rendered agreeable in some respects by his friendship and pleasant intercourse with the learned men of the day—in France and Holland. Eight years at the Countess Anna's time of life were a long period to look forward to, yet their parting in 1692 was not their last. Towards the end of 1700, being a great pedestrian, Colin walked from Utrecht to the Hague to solicit the interest of Carstares, Secretary of State for Scotland, and a member of a family belonging to the neighbourhood of Balcarres. Carstares represented his case to the king, William of Orange, Colin's early friend, as that of "a man whom he had once favoured, and who was now in so low a condition that he had footed it from Utrecht that morning to desire him to speak for him." "If that be the case," replied William, "let him go home; he has suffered enough." His mother had thus the happiness of embracing him again before her death.

During these eight years of hope deferred, the Countess Anna had ever the "salt-sea foam" of the German Ocean before her eyes, separating her from the land of her son's exile. In 1689, on Earl Colin's imprisonment, followed by his expatriation, she removed from Stirling and settled definitively at Balcarres, invested by her son with supreme

direction over all his home affairs as "factrix," or administrator, in his absence. She now once more devoted herself to her familiar task of redeeming incumbrances and paying off such burdens as still remained upon the estate of Balcarres; and this she did in many instances out of her own means; while at the same time, in 1692, she voluntarily restricted her jointure of seven thousand marks *per annum* from the Argyll estate to five thousand, "for the love and favour," as the document states, "which she has and bears to the said Earl" of Argyll "and his family, and for the standing thereof,"—the Argyll estates being still at that time greatly embarrassed. Her economy had before this, in 1690, enabled her to pay from her own funds a sum of ten thousand marks, the dowry of her namesake Lady Anna Lindsay, Earl Colin's eldest daughter, when married to the Earl of Kellie; and she that same year renounced in Earl Colin's favour various sums of money in which he was personally indebted to her. She had some years previously, I do not know at what precise date, made over to Colin the pension of one thousand a year settled upon her and her two sons by Charles II.; and this Earl Colin had forfeited at the Revolution by "following an interest which" (I quote his own words) "in gratitude I thought I was bound to do,"—her means must therefore have been much less now than formerly.—And thus she proceeded on her pilgrimage, as I have said, for these eight years more—years of active usefulness, although of advancing age and infirmity, but bright still, and cheerful in spirit—herself the centre of love to all around her.

Three years before her son's return in 1697, or shortly afterwards, the memory of her long-lost daughter Anna, who had been converted to Roman-Catholicism the year of the Restoration, was brought vividly back to the aged Countess by the publication of Richard Baxter's posthumous autobiography in that year. Baxter in his narrative of the event speaks of Lady Anna's ecclesiastical doubts as "pre-

tended,"—he states that on a servant being sent after her coach, and overtaking her in Lincoln's Inn Fields, after she had left her mother's house to return no more, she said that she merely went to see a friend, and would return, which he represents as a falsehood; and he further states that "she complained to the Queen-mother of her mother, as if she used her hardly for religion, which was false; in a word," says Baxter, "her mother told me that before she turned Papist she scarce ever heard a lie from her, and since then she could believe nothing that she said." Baxter's memory may probably have deceived him, writing of the matter many years afterwards, and strong prejudice pervades every line he has written on the subject; but her daughter's character, in its simple earnestness and truth, and every slight incident of the sad affair of 1660, even to the day and hour of the consummation of her bereavement, was vividly present to the mother's recollection after the lapse of thirty-six years; and with a trembling and feeble hand she inscribed on the margin of the volume the following lines:—"I can say with truth I never in all my life did hear her lie, and what she said, if it was not true, it was by others suggested to her, as that she would come back on Wednesday; she believed she would, but they took her, alas! from me, who never did see her more. The minister of Cupar," she adds, "Mr. John Makgill, did see her at Paris in the convent,—said she was a knowing and virtuous person, and had retained the saving principles of our religion."—I do not know when "Sister Anna Maria" went to her final rest,—it was during Baxter's lifetime; but I have little doubt that mother and daughter, parted thus untimely for ever in this world, continued praying each for the other, night and day, till that hour arrived; and that both looked forward with calm confidence to future reunion in that brighter world where all that is accidental and false falls off like scales from the enfranchised spirit, and truth alone remains manifest in the light of eternal day.

The volume which contains this touching vindication of a daughter's honesty belonged after the Countess's death to her daughter Henrietta, and was purchased at a stall in Glasgow many years ago by the father of the gifted author of the "Horæ Subsecivæ"—more popularly known as the biographer of "Rab and his Friends." It has subsequently been associated by the kind gift of the owner with the other ancestral relics of the Crawford and Balcarres family.

My task is now almost over. After Earl Colin's return in 1700 I find few notices of the Countess Anna, but, such as they are, they are in keeping with her character, loving, and kindly, and generous to the last. Her granddaughter Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, the "Lady Betty" of her brother Earl James's tender affection, so touchingly shown in their correspondence, was then a little maiden of about thirteen or fourteen, glancing, like a beam of light, (as is the wont, generation after generation, in such old houses,) with her bright smile and her waving hair, through the wainscoted chambers and across the sun-flecked corridors of Balcarres; and the last notices I have of the aged friend of the elder and younger Lauderdale, of the Rothes of 1640, and of Sir Robert Moray, are mixed up with accounts incurred, in June 1706, for a silk lutestring gown, bought by her as a present for the little Elizabeth, and with an additional provision for her of a thousand marks, dated the 1st October that same year, in token of "the singular love, favour, and affection we have and bear to the said Lady Elizabeth, our grandchild." Her signature in June is uncertain and broken, as if the result of a stroke of palsy; but that of October is again firm and bold, as it had been originally. After this latter date, however, her name disappears from our family papers, and, I presume, she died, probably from a second paralytic stroke, soon afterwards. Whenever the summons might come, she was ready for it; and, like Christiana's, her token was assuredly "an arrow sharpened by love." Her Mr. Greatheart, indeed, had crossed the river long before

her, to the enjoyment of that "Saints' Rest" which is in English thought so imperishably connected with his name. But she had many friends to accompany her to the banks of Jordan. And it might have been said of her ending as is told of that elder and fair pilgrim of Bunyan's immortal Dream,—"Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the water-side. The last words that she was heard to say were, 'I come, Lord, to be with thee, and to bless thee.' So her children and friends returned to their places, for that those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went, and called, and entered in at the gate, with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her. At her departure her children wept. But" others "played upon the well-tuned cymbals and harps for joy. So all departed to their respective places."—She was buried beside the husband of her youth, and her young son Earl Charles, in the Chapel of Balcarres,—this at least is to be presumed, dying as she did at Balcarres, and no record of the interment appearing in the parish books. I infer therefore that the last rites were performed over her grave by her son Earl Colin's dear friend, the nonjuring Bishop of Glasgow, who was a constant resident at Balcarres. However that may be, one thing may be accepted as certain, that her end was peace. Few lots in life have been so chequered as hers, and few doubtless ever laid down their head on the pillow of death with more heartfelt satisfaction.

I need not attempt to analyse or appreciate a character which must have painted itself incidentally to the reader,

line by line and touch by touch, in the foregoing pages. It may have been less than perfect in some respects (although I hardly feel justified in making even so limited an admission),—but it is not *my* province, at least, to "peep and botanise" on a "mother's grave." A broader moral may however be safely drawn from the retrospect of the entire narrative, to wit, that the maxim "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" is the only true rule for action,—that labour, the common lot of humanity, is not without its profit under the sun, when undertaken in the cause of truth, justice, and charity,—that wisdom is justified of her children even in this world,—that steady adherence to principle and unflinching fulfilment of duty bring peace at the last,—and that deep personal piety is not necessarily allied with bigotry and intolerance.

It is always interesting to trace the connection of those whom we revere in past ages with their living representatives, in whose veins the blood that inspired *their* life and passions still circulates. The Countess Anna's descendants are numerous in the three kingdoms. My father, James Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, her great-great-grandson, is her present lineal representative, and heir-of-line likewise, through her, of the ancient Mackenzies of Kintail, as representative of Colin Ruadh, first Earl of Seaforth—a highly prized honour. Her daughter Sophia died without children, but Lady Henrietta had one son, Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck, whose male line becoming extinct in the person of a later Sir James in 1812, her representation centered (if I mistake not) in the descendant of her granddaughter Anne, the wife of Donald Cameron, the gallant and celebrated Lochiel of 1745, great-great-grandfather of the present chief of the Camerons. Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart. of Balcaskie, and John Anstruther Thomson, Esq. of Charlton, are representatives of our heroine's

granddaughter Lady Anna Lindsay, Countess of Kellie. The memory of Anna of Seaforth and of Lady Sophia in particular long lingered in our family recollection, and the charms and virtues of the latter had been commended by her nephew James Earl of Balcarres to the admiration of female members of the family still surviving in my boyhood. In the presence of these ladies and of some other ancient friends of our house the imagination was wonderfully transported across the gulf of time to very distant days, to scenes familiar to us indeed still, but under their ancient aspect, and to personages usually viewed as beings of another world through the mist of history. One of these friends, the late Bishop of Ross, Moray, and the Isles, the last survivor of the nonjuring Episcopal Clergy who had prayed for the exiled family of Stuart, was till very recently a living witness of tradition extending beyond the 'forty-five and the 'fifteen to Bothwell Brig, the Great Rebellion, the wars of Montrose and the Covenant, and the promulgation of the Service Book; while the relationship of the Lindsays of Fife and Angus to these events was constantly on his tongue. Other members of the family circle, of the gentle sex, stood in such near kindred to the subject of this memoir, her first husband, and her daughters, that it was impossible not to feel almost face to face with them in such a presence. The widow of the grandson of the Countess Anna, Earl James of Balcarres, survived her husband above fifty years, and one of Countess Anna's great-granddaughters, the late Elizabeth Lindsay, Countess of Hardwicke, died only eight years ago. The former survived till 1820, and the latter venerable lady was competent to speak in 1858 of her father having been "out" in the year 'fifteen, of Charles II. having given away the bride at her grandfather Earl Colin's wedding, and of the merry monarch standing godfather to that grandfather's brother, her greatuncle, the Countess Anna's eldest son, Earl Charles, in the February of the year which witnessed his memorable escape after his defeat by

Cromwell at Worcester, 1651. The map thus opened could even have been unrolled yet further in the hands of such a chronicler of the past, and with equally singular approximation. Most of us of course have seen our grandsires, many have seen those of a yet remoter ascending degree,—there is nothing in this to excite surprise; and yet it would be strange to hear any one say complacently, as Lady Hardwicke might have done only the other day with reference to the first husband of the heroine of this biography, that one born in the reign of the son of Mary Queen of Scots, in the lifetime of Lord Bacon, one year after the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, two years after the comparatively early death of Shakespeare, and when Milton was only ten years old, was her great-grandfather.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

SINCE the preceding Memoir was printed, I have been favoured by Mr. Vere Irving with the perusal of his transcript of the Lauderdale Correspondence between the years 1656 and 1666. This perusal has confirmed the impressions regarding the character of Charles II., and the policy which prompted the restoration of Episcopacy after the Restoration which I have expressed in the preceding pages. The correspondence has, in fact, given me a higher opinion of the King, personally, and of his Scottish ministers, than I had previously entertained. The general impression conveyed by it may be stated as follows:—

We find Charles throughout governing, with no careless hand —holding clear ideas of public policy; and working them out— always accessible to the calls of business, a hard-working man, hearing all that was to be said, and reading everything presented to him attentively, never committing himself to premature decisions, but generally saying nothing at the moment, and reserving time for thought. We find him alive to the sentiments of honour and the claims of justice. Great freedom of observation and familiarity of intercourse subsisted between himself and his ministers, especially Lauderdale, who occasionally said home-truths in a very plain-spoken manner; but the will of the King and the duty of obedience are always taken for granted as supreme. On the other hand, the warmest sentiment of personal attachment mingles with the expressions of loyalty, and divests them of any suspicion of servility. This attachment and, I may say, admiration for Charles personally, runs through the whole correspondence as between Lauderdale, Rothes, Sir Robert Moray, Tweeddale, and others. They constantly speak of him, to each other, as "our dear master,"—they continually express their reliance on his justice and goodness. It is, in fact, Charles, the "King of Scots," the feudal king surrounded by his peers,— and yet wearing his feudalism with a difference (as it were) from constitutional influences—that figures throughout these letters; and, in this character, everything bears reference to him; he is the common centre, looked upon by every Scot at home and

abroad—in France, in Sweden, in Russia—as his "native prince," his protector against injustice and wrong, his referee, umpire, and extricator in cases of difficulty, and the source of all his worldly honour and advantage. Charles's urbanity and personal kindness (and, I may add incidentally, his affection and tenderness for his wife, Catherine of Braganza) equally strike us in the incidental allusions and reports of conversations and interviews given by the correspondents, and especially by Sir Robert Moray. Neither King nor ministers, although thus localised at Whitehall, have much of England about them in their intercourse and tone of thought; and on one occasion when it had been suggested that some charge against Glencairn, the Scottish Chancellor, should be investigated by the authority (it would appear) of the English House of Peers, Lauderdale's sense of national independence bursts out in a letter to Moray (he was then at Edinburgh) with startling vehemence. "That motion," (he says) "for examining the Duke of Ormonde and me is as wild as the charge, since my Lord Bristol may remember the House of Peers hath no power to examine in Scotland. We will submit to no examinations but what flow from the King's command. And although, when I am in England, I know and shall pay all duty to that House, yet their commands reach not hither. And if I were in England, 'though I could depone (as indeed I know nothing in that charge), yet it were not possible to make me depone against the merest servant, much less against the King's Chancellor, without his Majesty's knowledge and warrant. Now I have wearied you and myself, and if His Majesty have patience to read this, I doubt he shall be the weariest of the three. Adieu. Past midnight."

It further appears, from a perusal of these letters, that the restoration of Episcopacy and depression of the ultra-Presbyterians, the party of the Remonstrators or Protesters, was suggested by considerations of civil polity—for the protection of the state and monarchy from theocratic or republican despotism as a legacy from the Commonwealth, rather than from religious animosity or the spirit of proselytism. There are no traces in this correspondence, so far as the transcripts I have seen go, of the spirit of persecution for mere religion's sake, either in Lauderdale or Rothes,—the latter, indeed, while firmly determined to enforce the law, already manifests the lenity which tradition (and even Wodrow) attributes to him. Outward conformity was demanded, and contumacy was to be punished, but there was little disposition to push inquiry into private opinions or to act as an inquisition. The chief difficulty at the time in dealing with the

recusants was an inadequacy in the law to deal with the case of the holders of conventicles as sedition, although the lesser offence (as it was considered) of simple nonconformity fell under that character. There were so many too on the Ecclesiastical Commission to speak for every offender that Rothes complains in 1665 that that body had lost its terrors for the malcontents. It was long before any of the upper classes seem to have taken part in the adverse movement; even Argyll is in friendly relations with the government throughout the years in question. The bitter remembrance of the Commonwealth and of the miseries suffered under it, and the crying necessity of order, of repose, of peace, for the recovery of the nation from the collapse and ruin in which it had been left by the late civil war and the exactions of Cromwell, were an all-pervading sentiment—witnessed and justified by the frequent illustrations of the extreme impoverishment of the Scottish families and the exhaustion of the Exchequer which occur in the correspondence. It is evident from all these considerations that the political march of Charles and his Scottish ministers was through a line of country beset with every possible difficulty, in which counter-claims pressed on every side, and where, with the light they had and the political experience of the age, it was next to impossible to strike the right track; but it can at least be said for Lauderdale and his friends that, during the years in question, they did what they believed to be their duty—mistaken as that belief may have been—honestly, and with the full devotion of their time and energy to what they understood to be the King's and the public welfare.

Lastly, I may remark that a warm spirit of affection subsists between most of the correspondents,—it is true that they were for the most part near relations; it would be unjust to call them a family clique, for they were unquestionably the ablest men in Scotland during their time; but all the tokens of genuine and generous friendship are evinced in their intercourse. The influence of the Chancellor Dunfermline, which I have dwelt upon in the opening pages of this memoir, seems still to rule among them. One of the letters in which Rothes replies to an expostulation of Lauderdale, written on a report having reached London that Rothes had been indulging too much in wine, is a model of noble and simple sincerity. The whole correspondence, I should add, is in the best taste; it exhibits no taint from the vices of the times; there is not one coarse jest or licentious allusion throughout it. The sense of religion is strongly marked, but in a broad and Catholic, not Puritanic manner; there is as little of the Roundhead in it as, in an opposite direction, of the light

levity and affected irreverence which frequently attached to the Cavalier.

Lastly, a tender memory of Alexander Earl of Balcarres, Lady Anna Mackenzie's first husband, is seen to linger on for years among his old friends, evidenced from time to time by an allusion to this or that person, introduced upon the scene, as having been one whom he valued, and whom consequently it was incumbent upon them to be kind to.*

It is to be hoped that Mr. Vere Irving may some day publish this Lauderdale correspondence, or a selection from it. It relates to a period of by no means inferior interest in the history of Britain, when the great question between Liberty and Order was still in active debate, and its issues undetermined in Scotland. It is from documents such as these, which introduce us behind the scenes, that that half of truth which deals with the motives of the actors in the great drama of history is to be ascertained. Popular histories merely reflect popular beliefs, too frequently popular delusions. The portion I have perused only covers a limited period of time, but it is the period during which the policy which governed Scotland up to the time of the Revolution was inaugurated, and thus has a peculiar interest. Not only that portion, but the whole correspondence, must of course be taken in connection with other authentic contemporary evidence, in order to enable us to arrive at an impartial and complete judgment alike in regard to the character of Charles II., and that of his Scottish administration. The more of such evidence that can be regained from the grave of the past, the better for the cause of truth. If the correspondence in question exhibits Charles and his Scottish advisers in a different light from that in which they are usually represented, all that can be said is, that the evidence is that supplied by the men themselves, who best knew their own minds, and wore no disguise when discussing their measures together,—nor is it to be forgotten that writers, not of the popular school, have drawn Lauderdale's cha-

* Sir Robert Moray, writing to Lauderdale, 7th June 1660, to recommend some one, adds,—"His personal worth were enough alone; but if you knew, as I do, the value our dear Gossip had of him and our dear Cummer still hath, and the passionate respect he ever paid them, I think you would need none other recommendation to move you to esteem of him at a very high rate." And again, 6th July 1663, in relation to Sir Arthur Forbes (ancestor of Lord Granard), "I think the King recommends him to you,—after that by way of recommendation nothing needs be added; only, were our Gossip in this world, he would own great kindness to him."

racter, in particular, as that of a wise and conscientious statesman. The very existence of such women as Mary Blagge (Mrs. Godolphin, the friend of Evelyn), and of Anna, Countess of Balcarres, as members of Charles's court, may well too, in another point of view, suggest a doubt whether all there was as corrupt as it is popularly supposed to be by the readers of Pepys and Count Anthony Hamilton. On this, as on innumerable other historical points, there is much yet to clear up. Truth in most cases lies between. Our labours during the present century are still "accumulative—of facts, instances, records, principles, experiences, the materials for future thought," and more especially so in history—in anticipation of a better time, when the annals of mankind, collectively and nationally, will be written with that calm and equitable appreciation, of which, in these days of party spirit, hasty generalisation, "sensational" narrative, and one-sided philosophy, there is little present prospect.

I may close this Postscript by subjoining a few extracts (by Mr. Vere Irving's permission), from the Lauderdale papers transcribed by him, which will illustrate what has been said above, and in the text of this volume, on the subject—1. Of Charles II.'s character; 2. Of the impoverishment of Scotland during the years after the Restoration; and, 3. Of the policy in church matters pursued between that epoch and the Revolution.

I. CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.—In a letter from Sir Robert Moray, from Whitehall, to Lauderdale at Holyrood, he writes as follows, on the 16th October 1663, in reporting the conclusion of some matter in negotiation :—"In a word, the King did it with all the deliberation, all the sense of justice, of honour, and all the prudent observations upon every title of the dockets you can imagine, and with all the kindness to both the recommenders of it heart could wish, and with all the good impressions of the person you or I can desire, so that it lies upon you both to thank the King for what he hath done in it, as if he had given all to either of you, and yet more for weighing and considering every point of that he hath done so accurately that he is armed against anybody alive that will carp at any iota of it. . . . One circumstance of weight, I trow, is not to be omitted. The King hath done this critical matter, not upon the Earls of Rothes and Lauderdale begging it on their knees, but upon their bare recommendations. It is yet to be remarked that he hath done it when the Queen is so very sick that he hath not stirred from her side since six in the morning, and is sad at the heart for her condition,

which appeared evidently by his eyes." And in the same letter, with reference to the restoration of Lord Lorn (afterwards Lady Anna Mackenzie's second husband) to the ancient honours of his family (except the Marquisate), Sir Robert writes,—"The King gave admirable reasons for making him only Earl. . . . Observe the providence of the Great God. Yesterday I was asking the King if he would give my Lord Lorn leave to come up and kiss his hands. 'With all my heart,' said the King; 'is he here?' 'No, Sir,' said I; 'he is in Scotland.' . . No sooner was I at my chamber than I found a letter from him, dated from Barbican, telling me he was going to Highgate, and that he would come to me to-morrow. I meant to have transcribed the little signature" (that is, the warrant for the restoration from his father's forfeiture) "at my chamber, but took immediately a coach and went to Highgate to him, told him all, and made him dictate while I wrote the little signature, which is *verbatim* the other except in the first naming of him and in the clause of the Marquisship; then this morning (for it was signed after seven) I asked the King, as he was signing (having first told him of Lord Lorn's arrival) whether he would have him kiss his hand before you came, or stay till then,—he, like himself, that is, 'le premier gentilhomme de l'univers,' bid me bring him to him, which I intend to-morrow, God willing; and you may guess what noise it will make!"—Highgate, I may mention *en passant*, was a favourite resort of the Scottish friends at this time. Crawford-Lindsay had a house there; and they usually dined and passed the Sunday there, returning in the evening.

Again, in relation to another matter, Sir Robert writes as follows, 6th August 1663:—"I cannot tell so much as by a probable guess what his Majesty's resolution will be in relation to the person; only I think that he will find so much pressing reason on the one side, and so many motives that are of force on the other, that, when everything is fully cleared to him, he will take some time to balance all, and resolve to what hand to turn. Both my Lord Commissioner and you have done very handsomely as well as nobly in not offering to advise the one way or the other to be taken. All I intend to do is, according to the information sent me by the Lord Commissioner, to lay all out before him the best I can, and then expect his royal pleasure."

The King's justice and fair dealing is often alluded to in the letters. It may be of little weight that Lauderdale writes to Charles, "My comfort and security is in your Majesty's justice, so that a good master, a good conscience, and a clear aboveboard carriage in your service does abundantly secure and quiet

me against all base whisperings." But Rothes' words to Lauderdale, in a letter dated 6th September 1664, bear the stamp of sincerity,—"What a new proof of our dear master's justness and favour he has given ! . . . It is no wonder we repine at ourselves that we should be so little able to serve the best master that ever God made." And again, on the 6th January 1664-5, "As the King is just to all the world, he will be so to me."

The letters of Sir Robert Moray are full of incidental illustrations of Charles's ways and doings. "Your last letter," he writes to Lauderdale, 9th July 1663, "was presented to the King as soon as I had the opportunity to do it, and he read it every word, as he useth to do. . . As he was reading that part of your letter where it speaks of your having no cause to apprehend informations if they be but truth, he said, 'You have indeed no cause,' and gave me leave to say of his steadiness, 'that he is as firm as the Bass !' . . . This is all I have to say upon your letter ; only never fear the length of your letters make them thought tedious, seeing, I find, the King reads them with care and satisfaction." Many of these audiences were in "the Queen's Bedchamber," and on one occasion, while the King was sitting there awaiting the termination of the mass, at which the Queen was assisting, Sir Robert laments her arriving and carrying off the King before he had half done the business he had come for.

On the 11th August 1663, during the progress of a protracted matter of business, somewhat obscure but connected with the marriage of the Duke of Monmouth with the heiress of Buccleuch, Sir Robert describes the King as "calling me into his chamber, where, though he kept me about an hour to read all was necessary, and we said much of all matters, yet we left a good deal to another time, which, I think, will be next morning." Again, from Bath, on the 15th September, he writes on the same subject, that, after "having just dined alone like 'a prince,'" he had sat down to write to Lauderdale, when a despatch arrived with letters, which, having read, "I went to the King where he was dressing himself after having been in the bath and sweat. There was nobody with him but the Earl of Newburgh and Sir Alexander Fraser, besides two grooms and two pages and T. Lile. He was reading while his head was a-combing. I, upon his first look off the book, cast in a discourse of Dr. Pearce's sermon, that hath begot a book that will trouble him to answer ; and that furnished matter till he was ready. My Lord Newburgh and I talked at turns, and when the King was ready, he stopped his Majesty, and spoke five or six words to him in a corner. When he had done, and the King down stairs, I told him I had an express

despatched for him that would take him up some half-hour. He bade me come to him in the evening." It was not, however, till the next morning that the interview took place, when at the levée, after an hour and a half of general conversation, the company retiring, Sir Robert presented Lauderdale's letter, "and desired him (the King) to read it attentively. He read it all over, and, while he did, rose and went to the window, where, reading aloud, I helped him over unclearly written and hard words, and noticed passages as he went through." What follows I need not repeat for this present purpose, and "so," continues Moray, "I left him, but he quickly overtook me after I was gone out, going to the Cross Bath, whither I waited upon him, and saw a number of swimming lords and ladies sitting in the niches." After that the King dined at Sir Henry Bennet's (the Secretary of State) as he did the following day at Lord Herbert's, fourteen miles from Bath. A day or two afterwards, the Court having removed to Oxford, and the English Council having apparently advised the King against the object that Lauderdale and Moray were interested in, "I, finding what was resolved on, and thinking what was to be done, about eleven yesternight or later, staying till the King should come in to undress him, I stept into the Necessary-room, and getting pens and paper there, drew a note by way of instruction for the King to send to his Commissioner, whereof I mean to enclose here the copy; . . . and the King came in just as I had finished but not read it, whereupon I stept to him and told him I had been thinking of what I conceived his Majesty had resolved, and had drawn up an instruction in such a way as perhaps he might like; whereupon he began to read it, and coming to that part of it that speaks of bringing in the Act to the House, he stopt and told me that there are several things whereof he is exceedingly tender, and that made him the more studious to take right measures. One was the point of justice, wherein he was not clear as yet; the next, the hazard of the success and consequences of that, and the dissatisfaction of those he trusts there, and regard to his former orders. To this I told him if he would read and think of all, perhaps he would not be displeased. So I helped him to read it over in his own hand, and when he had read all, he told me he liked it very well. I observed how it came up to everything, which he applauded and put it in his pocket, telling me he would think on it till to-morrow. So, after driving off time with many stories till one o'clock, he went to bed, waited on by the Duke of Richmond. This morning, soon after five, I was with him, and stayed till he was ready, and the Duke, the Prince, Duke of Monmouth, &c., were come to go

with him to the fox-hunting." Charles proceeded that day to Cornbury, the seat of the Chancellor Clarendon, and on his return to Oxford a day or two afterwards, Moray records the completion of the business thus: "After the afternoon sermon I waited constantly till sunset for my Lord Chancellor's coming to Court, which he then did, but it was an hour after or thereby before the King, the Duke, the Chancellor, and Secretary went to a close council, where they staid another [hour] before I was called in. At last I was, and the King commanded me to sit and read the paper I had. . . Long before I had done reading, supper was on the table, so when we rose I told his Majesty I would have two copies ready for his hand next morning, one to send, another to keep, which everybody approved. So this morning I was so early at it I was in the Dressing-room long before he came out of the Bedchamber, yet he came soon after seven o'clock, but it was nine ere I got his hand to the two copies. All his commands were kindness, and that he would have you haste hither." Catharine of Braganza, I may observe, figures on one of the conversations recorded by Sir Robert in a manner which leaves a pleasant impression on the memory,—"As he was going to read your letters, the Queen, laying her hand upon him, kept him with asking, 'And how does my Lord Lauderdale?' upon which I told her I would let you know she had asked that question, to which she bowed her head with a very kind smile."*

* I may further cite from one of Sir Robert's letters a stroke of diplomacy on the part of Middleton and Newburgh, whose intrigues against Lauderdale, Crawford-Lindsay, and Moray had occasioned the King's displeasure—which shows considerable resource on their side, while Charles himself, although he would not countenance it at the moment, probably laughed heartily at it afterwards. It is to be premised that being admitted to kiss the King's hand was a token of forgiveness on the part of the sovereign, and that the two noblemen had just come up to London in *quasi*-disgrace;—"I mentioned in my letter yesternight by the ordinary packet that Earls Middleton and Newburgh came hither, I think about five o'clock, and told you what he (*i.e.* Middleton) did at his first seeing the King. After the King was retired, as I told you, and he had followed him into the Queen's bedchamber without conversing with him, he stayed in the Privy Chamber till supper was on the table, about nine o'clock, and then when the gentleman-usher went in to give his Majesty notice supper was come, Earls Middleton and Newburgh stept to him just as he was coming out at the bedchamber door alone. Earl Middleton stopt his way, clapt briskly down on his knees, and taking (I say, taking) his Majesty by the hand kissed it, and so did Newburgh after him, without one word spoken. The King passed without further looking after them, went in to the Presence, and they home. This now was a feat of war I had not seen before,—having spoke to the King at his first

II. Impoverishment of Scotland after the Rebellion.—With respect to the exhaustion of the Exchequer, and the impoverishment of all classes in Scotland subsequently to the Restoration, Rothes, the Treasurer, and Tweeddale, are eloquent in their letters to Lauderdale. The former sends Lord Bellenden to London in March 1665, to represent "the insupportable condition the Exchequer is in," adding that, if peace is not concluded with the Dutch "we are all beggared and undone;" and in another letter, written the same month, he describes the kingdom as "so impoverished and harassed with the late miserable troubles and rebellions" that "our poverty is not to be expressed." And Tweeddale writes, in the prospect of a tax to be imposed for the purpose of defending the coast against the Dutch, that "the condition of the country is . . such, through the want of trade, the low prices of all the native commodities, especially corn, and the extreme want of money, that, if His Majesty's reputation be not concerned, if any invasion fall out, all hazard of affront and prejudice the country could suffer were better adventured by far than a tax imposed, how mean and qualified soever." And Rothes states in a second letter, in deprecation of such an impost, that "it is true that great sums were raised by the usurpers, but it would be considered that these sums were by violence extorted by a prevailing army of rebels in arms from a subdued people, whose lives and fortunes were subject to all their cruelties; and the greater part of the kingdom was so far ruined thereby as they have hardly now [the means] to pay their annual rents and maintain their families; yet I dare aver," (he adds), "that their affections are very entire to his Majesty, and will be ready to hazard their lives and fortunes in his service with great freedom and cheerfulness, whereof this last year has given sufficient proof, that, according to their power, they have rather been before than come short of any of his Majesty's other subjects."

In illustration of the private distress of families I may refer to a letter of Anne Duchess of Hamilton to Lauderdale, 16th November 1664, pressing for payment of an old debt contracted in Charles I.'s service, which, added, she says, to that "which was engaged in the year 1648" (the year of the Duke's march

arrival without kissing his hand, to do it thus by a kind of surprise! Perhaps not having seen the King since the two letters were presented, he understood by this kiss of the King's hand his admission to grace and favour. You will guess by this that I am at leisure and mean to pay you with a long letter, yet I do not mean to load it with reflections upon such passages."

into England) "makes my condition very desperate ; for all my Lord's fortune and mine both will not make one thousand pounds free, over and above what pays the interest of the debt I am in." The case of Lady Forrester (in her own right), the wife of the eldest son of the celebrated Lieut.-General Baillie, as described by herself in June 1665, was worse ; for, after coming to London to crave relief, she found herself stranded there, absolutely penniless, in the midst of the Great Plague, and unable to escape. Rothes summarises his official embarrassment as follows about this time,—"The necessitous condition of a great part, if not of all the most eminent persons in this kingdom renders it impossible to satisfy them any way but by giving them to prevent their present ruin and supply their pressing necessities : and how impossible that is, judge by the other representations you have had of our condition, the truth of which certainly you do not question. Only this hint I must add ; the Customs comes to little or nothing this year, and the Excise is exhausted, as, I believe, my Lord Bellenden has shown you. Then how is it imaginable that I can pay money when the King draws precepts?" "I wish," he adds, subsequently, "the condition of the Exchequer in Scotland were printed, providing it were only to be seen and known by Scotsmen, that our poverty might not be blazed through the world. It is no wonder I be in some passion when I am on this subject, for I believe I have and shall in all appearance beget more hatred and malice to myself in this country then I shall be able to bear ; but I shall do my best, and it is in the service of my dear master, so I care not what becomes of your affectionate friend and servant, ROTHES." A melancholy picture; but the ruin of these families and the exhaustion of the country was incurred through loyalty and patriotism, by debts contracted, as a general rule, in the public service, and during periods of sequestration at the hand of the usurpers ; and the rags of such poverty are honourable insignia in the eyes of posterity.

III. POLICY IN CHURCH MATTERS.—Lastly, in relation to the ecclesiastical policy manifested in the re-establishment of Episcopacy and the repression of ultra-Presbyterianism subsequently to the Restoration, the key-note may be said to be struck in an admirable letter written by Crawford-Lindsay, Lauderdale, and Lord Sinclair, to their friends in Scotland previously to the King's return, in which they say, "We know but two parties in Scotland, those who stand for the rights and liberties, the laws and government of Scotland, and those who have protested and acted against those good ends. The last we do not look on

as Scotsmen. It is the former whom we humbly exhort to perfect union." Charles and his friends came in as representatives of this latter party, the Resolutioners or Engagers of 1648, and, in the result, all of them (with the exception of Crawford-Lindsay) acquiesced in the view that the re-establishment of Episcopal government, as existing previously to 1637, was necessary to the avoidance of the evils, civil and ecclesiastical, which the policy of Argyll and the Protesters or Remonstrators of 1650 had originated. Sharpe, it may be recollected, had always consistently belonged to the party of the Resolutioners. There are many very interesting letters of his in the Lauderdale correspondence, some of which have been recently printed, with valuable historical comments, in the "North British Review." The Protesters very speedily declared themselves, and a letter from Rothes to Lauderdale, as early as April 1661, characterises a remonstrance presented in a provincial synod, and "which was to have been read in the several pulpits over the whole shire," as "most dangerous," "carrying in its effect exhortations to the people to be ready for a new rebellion." He adds that "half the ministers were against it" in that particular synod, and that "four to one in this kingdom approves of what we have done; and, for God's sake, let not your ten years' absence make you mistake your measures."

In July 1663 Lauderdale reports the enactment of "penalties calculated for our Western Dissenters (though the word 'Papists' be put in, of course to bear them company,)"—with the expression of his hope that "the penalties will be stronger arguments to move them to outward conformity than any divines could use." But of how little use they were, and to what height the discontent was rapidly rising, may be seen in two letters written a couple of years afterwards by Rothes. They are in sequence to one in which he warns Lauderdale and the King "that if, as God forbid, his Majesty should not have that wished-for success at sea" (against the Dutch) "which we not only hope for but expect, I do believe a very little irritation would move our disaffected people to stir upon any specious pretence. Therefore I would humbly beg that his Majesty would give me order that in case of any apparent danger I may secure any of them, or as many of them as I do expect danger or hazard from; and, I hope, I shall not make use of it but in case of necessity. This you may propose to his Majesty if you think fit, and manage it accordingly. I will have no delight to persecute anybody; but in case of necessity nothing must be stood upon. And I do assure you, there are many whose affection even to the King and the kingly

government I do very much question." The two letters here follow :—

"24th November 1665.

"My dear Lord,

"You may justly admire that you have been so long of hearing from me, but my daily intention to return from the West, and being interrupted by bad weather and worse ways, has been the occasion of it. To give you an account of the whole journey would be much too tedious for you to read ; but, in general, I must say that I found a very kind welcome wherever I went. I took a few of the four companies that lays at Glasgow, and I must say that in all my life I never see better bodies of men, nor men better disciplined.

"As to the dispositions of the people in this country, I dare not say they are well inclined, but must acknowledge I think they are worse than I did imagine. Had they any opportunity, I dare not answer, but I judge it more than probable they would undertake" (*i.e.* rise in revolt), "though it were desperate enough ; but as they are, I do assure you, I have not the least apprehension of any further trouble from them than their keeping conventicles and private meetings, which is too much, and has of late been too frequent, though their secret convenes renders it difficult to discover them till they be over, and then they do immediately disperse to all corners of the country. Their meeting-places are most commonly at the side of a moss or at the side of a river, and they have their spies at a distance on all hands, who give warning if any party appear, which makes them run were the party never so small ; but the truth is, the cause of most of this trouble we receive in this kind is occasioned by some ousted ministers, against whom both Council and Commission has proceeded against, and they have put themselves in disguise, so as when they preach they are in grey clothes and long padwicks (periwigs), and it is alleged some of them preaches in masks ; and these rages stir up the women so as they are worse than devils. Yea, I dare say, if it were not for the women, we should have little trouble with conventicles or such kind of stuff ; but they are such a foolish generation of people in this country, who are so influenced by their fanatic wives as I think will bring ruin upon them.

"Now, to prevent all these troubles, I have dispersed parties through the country, one of horse to that renowned place, Mauchline Tower, to quarter in the town of Mauchline and in the New Mills which is near to it ; another party, but of foot, I have sent to Irvine, there being no accommodation for horse in that place ; and one I am to send to Galloway, both of horse and foot, which I will make as considerable as I can ; but I delay till I speak with the Bishop, who will be here this night ; and another party of horse I send to Jedburgh, for in Teviotdale there are many persons as disaffected as in the West, and presently there has been a great disorder in the parish of Ancrum, they refusing to let the minister come into the pulpit ; but the persons are seized and will be severely punished. Now these parties I have so dispersed, I hope, will not only prevent these disordered meetings, but will either catch those rogues, or

fear of them will chase them out of the country. I have bestowed money upon several of their followers, and it shall stand me dear and much pains but I shall have a hit at some of them.

"Now, my Lord, since it was seven o'clock before the Council rose this night, being taken up with little country debates, judge if I be not weary writing this long letter; but the use I beg you to make of it is to pardon the sense and writ, since it comes from

"Your ain

"R."

The second letter has its interest, as showing the legal sanctions and even the scrupulosity with which the Commission for Church Affairs acted in dealing with the recusants at the time; while it appears that few amongst the latter were without friends upon the Commission to speak in their behalf:—

"2d December 1665.

"My dear Lord,

"When I wrote my last, you might judge by the latter end of it I was not well satisfied with what passed that day in the Commission for Church affairs. To tell you all that passed would turn this letter into a volume,—yea, that I say nothing of it at all is only that you may not fancy it to be somewhat worse than it is, although I must confess it has troubled me much; and in the first place I must inform you that our fanatics are become much bolder than they have been this twelvemonth past, and now, where they kept scarcely any conventicles at all before, at least so quietly they were not known of, they do it in the fields by hundreds and very frequently, to prevent which I have sent parties through the country with pretty severe orders, such as I could give; but I have always concluded that somewhat from the Commission of severity would have hindered other persons to fall to such disorderly work; but when it was proposed I found that, both in the President of the Session and Advocate, which I did not imagine, for I would have had some grounds laid down by the Commission to be rules for our punishing of such persons as seditious who keep conventicles, that so we might not be put (as we are) to spend a day in finding a suitable punishment to every man's quality and offence, especially when those that come before us are but beggars for the most part, and but tenants at best—so as we trouble ourselves more to find out ways to punish them than all the punishment we inflict does [trouble] the person who is guilty. But both these two did affirm we could not punish keepers of conventicles as seditious, because the Act of Parliament does only discharge conventicles and mentions no certificate, so that the punishment is arbitrary, and since it is so, it were hard to set down rules since the Act of Parliament has not done it. But this did appear very strange, since the Act of Parliament against withdrawers, which is not near so great a crime, does declare them guilty of punishment as seditious persons; but the truth is, these things, with some other expressions from them, did not sound

well ; and there is so many in the Commission to speak on all occasions for those who are called before us that those kind of people has lost the awe and fear they had to come before the Commission. Now this, with freedom, I have told you ; but it is to yourself alone, to whom I speak the very inmost thoughts of my heart, so I expect it will go no further. . . . Now, my paper being at an end, I can say no more but that I am

"Your own,

"ROTHES."

It will be acknowledged that these letters do not breathe the spirit of religious persecution on the part of Rothes and the government, although they unquestionably indicate the necessity felt for the suppression of political sedition.

I shall conclude these extracts with the private letter from Rothes to Lauderdale already mentioned, written on the occasion of a warning from the latter against indulgence in over-conviviality, and which is, I think, equally honourable to both parties :—

"Edinburgh, 14th May 1665.

"My dear Lord,

"You have always been my faithful, kind, and worthy friend, and there is nothing speaks more of true friendship than free advices, and I am sure there is no creature apter to be advised by any mortal than I am, and ever shall be, to you. As for that unworthy report my enemies raise of my drinking, or countenancing of it, really I shall not say but that I shall be more strict and wary hereafter than I have been ; but as to my own carriage, if any mortal doth say they have seen me in disorder, I shall give them my estate—I mean since I was in this station, for you know I have been in my lifetime ; but for my Lord Newburgh and sometimes some others, they will go a greater length than ever I did or, I am sure, shall approve, be in whose house or company they will ; and that I do not delight in some of their companies sure you very well know ; and I am very sensible they are none of my friends to offer this report. If it have reached my dear master's ears I am very unhappy if it be believed, for I hope to do him better service than can readily be performed by a person guilty of so base a vice. Pray, my dear, dear Lord ! let me know if the King has heard any such thing, for it troubles me very much, and he so just to me as to judge me most sensible of the favour you have done me by your freedom. All I shall say is, it is done like my Lord Lauderdale ; and that is, like the best friend in the world.

"I have been these three days in this town at council, and thought by this post to have given my humble and free advice concerning the fines, but I have had such a crowd of business as it is not possible. But in a day or two you shall have it. Wherefore pray forgive me, who am

"Most perfectly yours,

"ROTHES."

Rothes had from the first a high veneration and regard for Lauderdale; and I may state that, on the release of the latter from his nine years' imprisonment in April 1660, he wrote to him with an offer of pecuniary assistance expressed as follows:— "My dear Lord, Take it not ill that I apprehend you are not furnished with money for such a journey, and use the freedom to command me to serve you; for, whether you go alone, or I with you, a hunder pounds shall be ready again you call for it; and all the credit, or money, or estate I can command shall be at your service, or I pray God let me never have joy of my life or fortune." "For God's sake, continue writing to me frequently and freely, for your particular advice to myself is the chief pillar I lean to, to carry me through this bruckle (unsettled) world."

It is time, however, this prolonged note should terminate. I need not mention such trifles as Lauderdale writing to Moray from Edinburgh, in the midst of harassing work, to send him "my little octavo Hebrew Bible, without points, which lies in my little closet at Whitehall," and some "little glasses of spirit of roses you will find in the middle-drawer of my walnut-tree cabinet," which possibly may be still preserved at Ham House. Such little touches of individuality are the life and soul of biography. But I must conclude. No one who has lived long in company with the dead, sharing in their joys and sympathising with their sorrows, can willingly part from them. But what has been here said and cited is not irrelevant to the special subject of this little volume, as conducing to fuller appreciation of the circle of friends of which Anna Countess of Balcarres was a member during so many years of her life, and all of whom are known to history, although less favourably in some instances hitherto than, I think, they deserve to be.

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